

\$100 CASH PRIZES! Which is your favorite feature?

FEATURING CAPT. BATTLE
IN THE
COP.



DAREDEVIL

SILVER

STARBREAK

No. 13
AUGUST
10¢

COMICS



Before Capt. Battle could reach the scene, the Nazi submarine had sunk the freighter. But Cap and Hale zoom down to grapple with the sea raiders . . . see page 6.

BANDER

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

JOIN Captain **BATTLE'S** BOY'S BRIGADE!

**I WAS
THE FIRST
MEMBER
TO JOIN**

Be the first one in
your crowd to join the
**Captain Battle
Boy's Brigade**
Defenders of American
Democracy

**BE LIKE HALE BATTLE!
JOIN UP NOW!
ALL THE BOYS WILL ENVY YOU**



HOW TO JOIN

Send 10c to
CAPTAIN BATTLE
and you will get a membership
card and that swell badge which
will show that you are a defender
of American Democracy!

MEMBERSHIP CARD

I, the undersigned, loyal follower of
Captain Battle in his heroic exploits
solemnly swear to uphold the prin-
ciples of true Americanism and the
democratic principles of our country
as expressed in the Constitution and
the Bill of Rights. I will uphold with
all my heart, the aims of Captain
Battle Boy's Brigade.

SIGNED

**ACT
NOW!**

mail this coupon
with 10c and be-
come a member.

**TELL YOUR
FRIENDS**

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

Form your own Club NOW. Get all the boys to get a copy
of **SILVER STREAK COMICS** at the Newsstands now—

Then they, too, should send for
their membership card and badge.

CAPTAIN BATTLE

SILVER STREAK COMICS
114 East 32nd Street, New York, N. Y.

DEAR CAP.

Enroll me as a member of **Captain Battle Boy's
Brigade**. I enclose 10c for badge and certifi-
cate. I will loyally uphold the aims of the
Brigade.

NAME Ranger House

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Capt. BATTLE

by Jack Binder
and
C. Formes



CAPTAIN BATTLE, WHO CAME OUT OF THE LAST WORLD WAR MINUS HIS LEFT EYE, HAS DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO THE SCIENTIFIC PERFECTION OF HIS INVENTIONS. HIS PAL AND HELPER IN THE CRUSADES AGAINST CRIME AND UNFAIR TACTICS, WAS RECENTLY FREED BY THE CAPTAIN FROM BONDAGE IN DARKEST ASIA. WE FIND HIM ABOUT TO RESCUE THE BOY, **HALE BATTLE**, FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A MYSTERIOUS PRIESTHOOD, WHO ARE ABOUT TO OFFER HIS YOUNG LIFE TO THEIR PAGAN GOD!



CAPTAIN BATTLE!
CAPTAIN BATTLE!
WHERE ARE YOU?

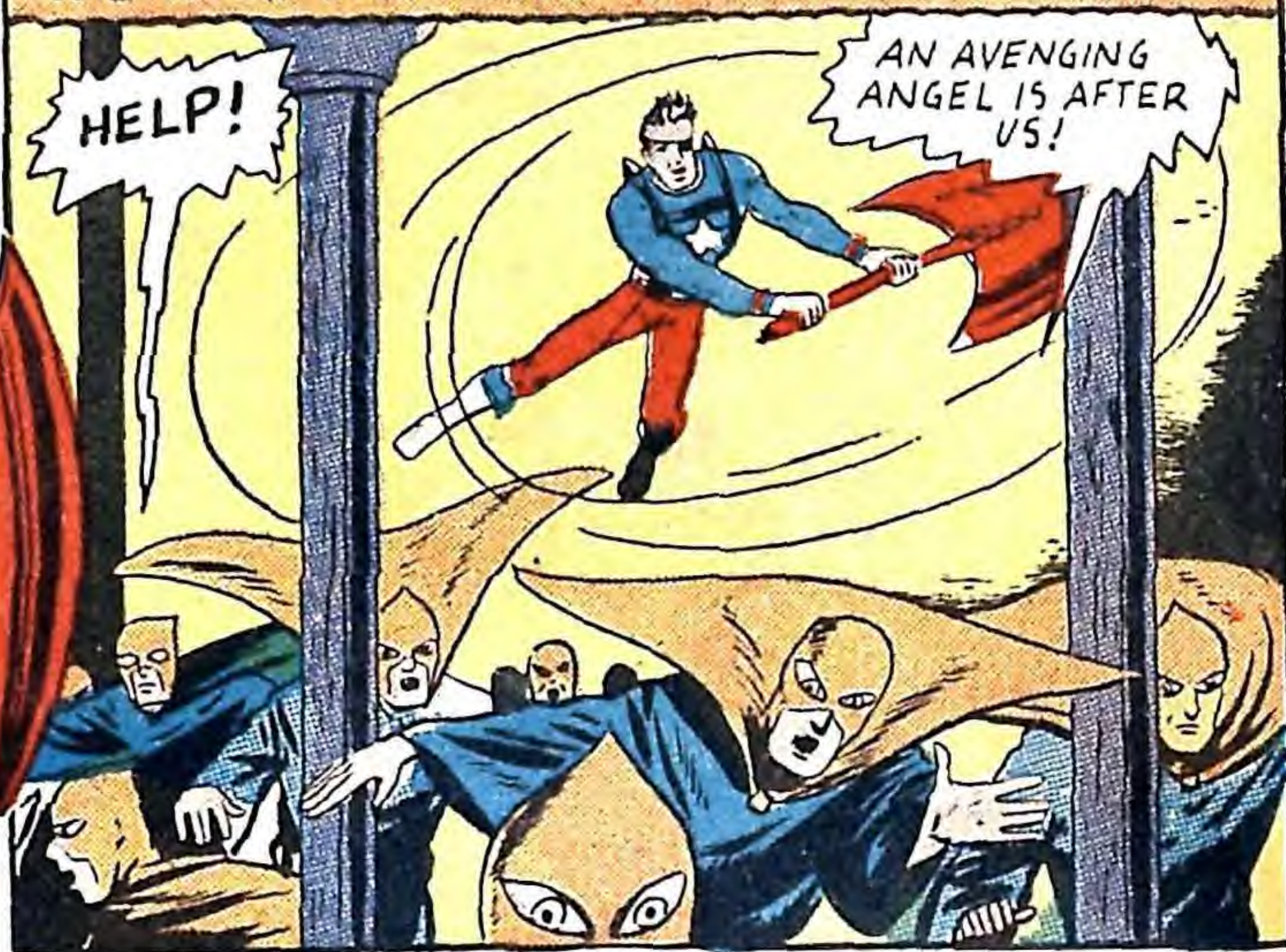


CAPTAIN BATTLE WITH HIS **LUCEFLYER** ZOOMS TO **HALE'S** RESCUE!

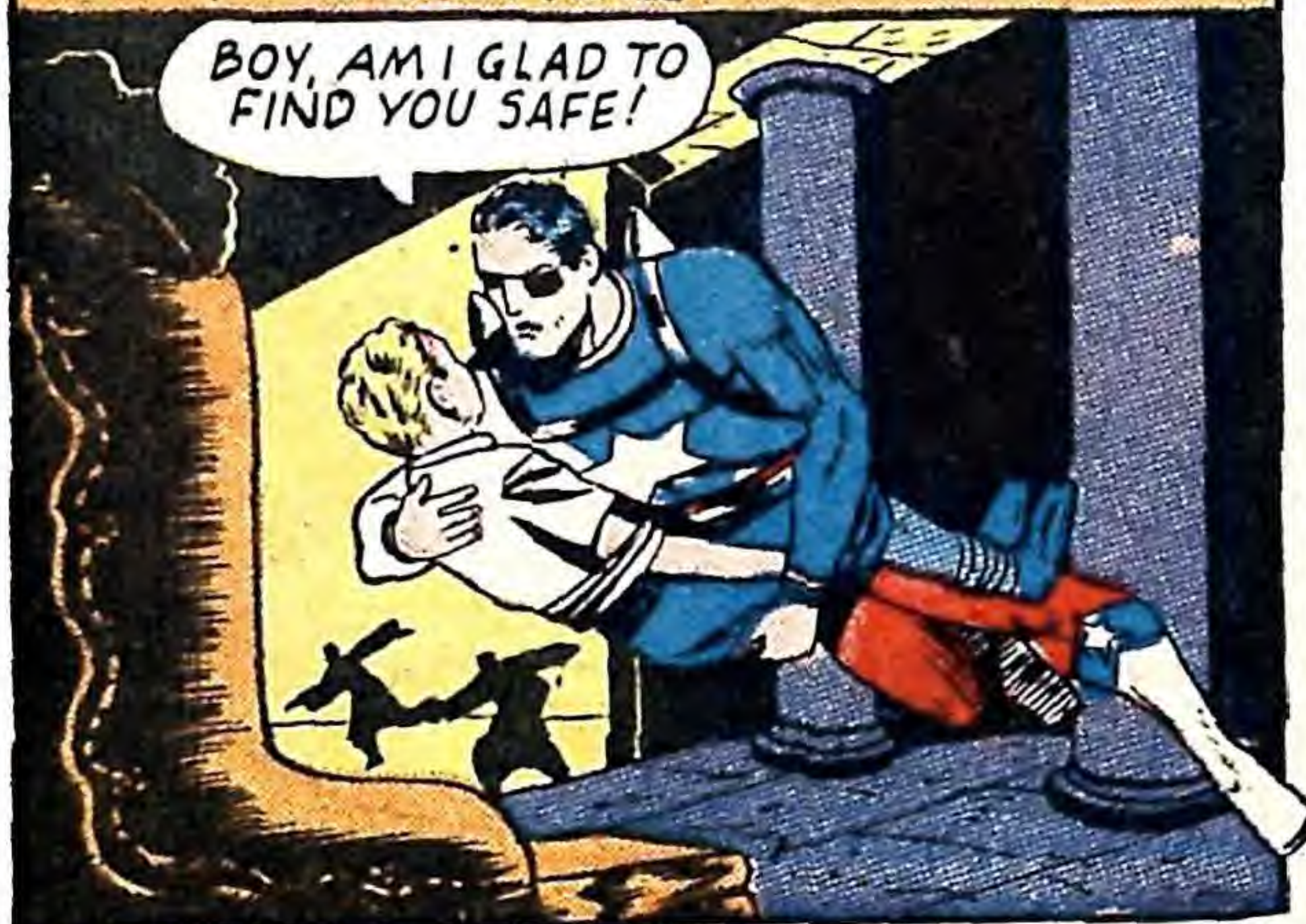
WITH A MIGHTY RENDING GRIP, CAPTAIN BATTLE BREAKS THE FALL OF THE HUGE BLADE ...



THE EVIL PRIESTS AND THE WORSHIPERS ARE THROWN INTO CONFUSION AS CAPTAIN BATTLE SWINGS THE SHARP KNIFE OVER THEM!



THE HOODS FLEE, AND CAPTAIN BATTLE RESCUES HALE!

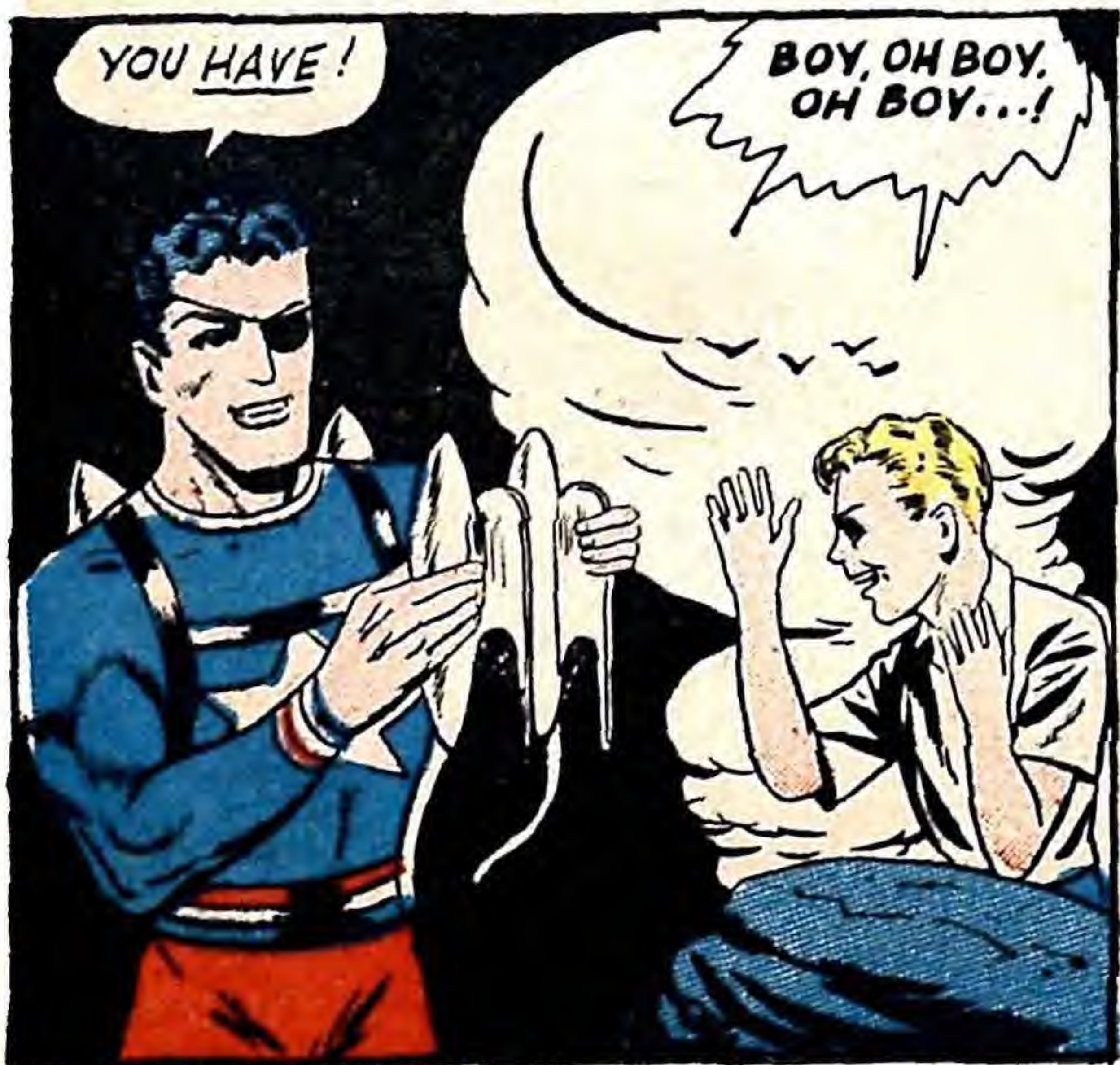


WOW!
THE WAY YOU
SWISHED AROUND
WITH THAT LUCEFLYER..
WISH I HAD ONE!



YOU HAVE!

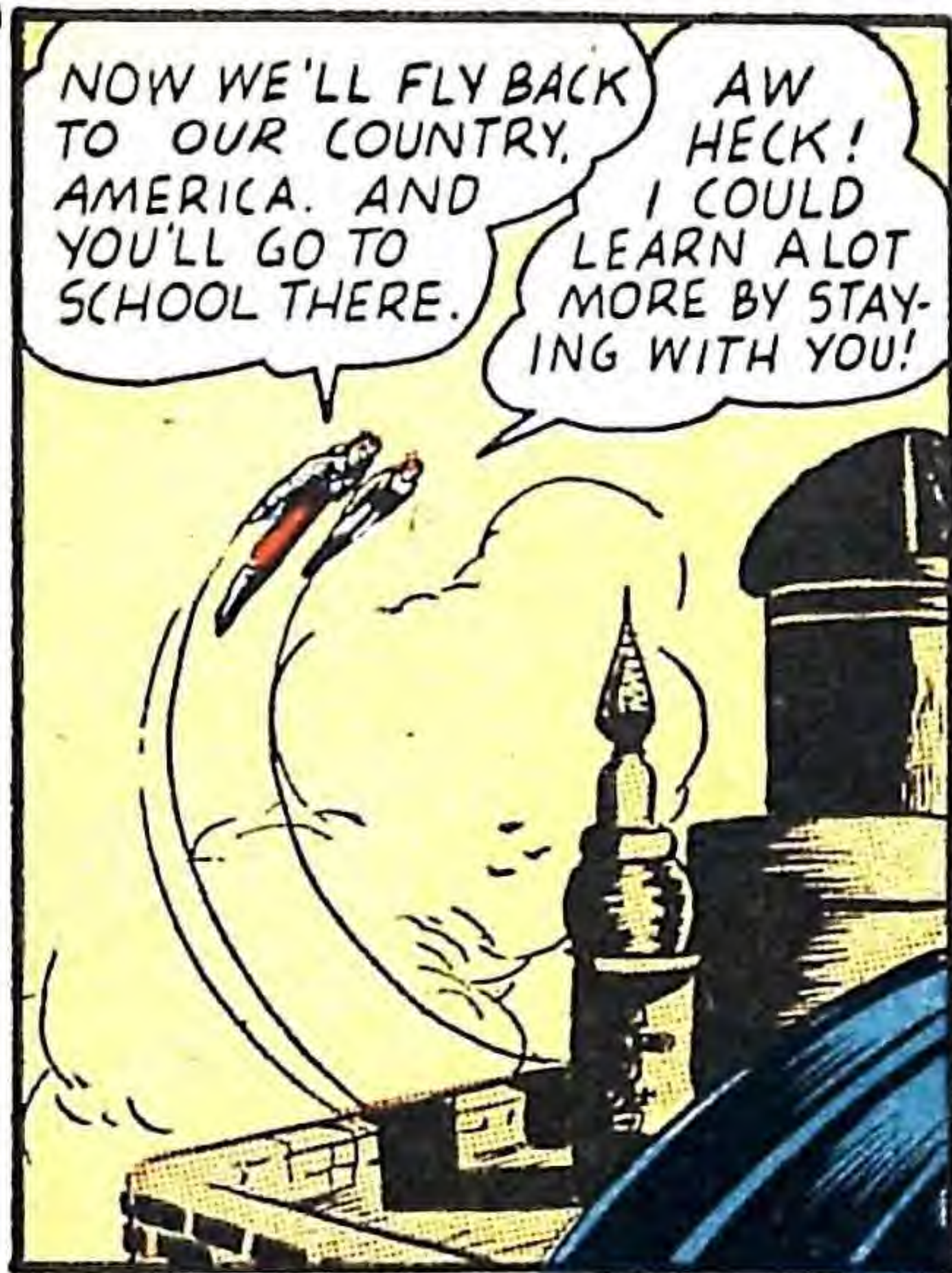
BOY, OH BOY,
OH BOY...!



I CARRIED THIS AS A
SPARE! IT'S ALL
YOURS NOW!

GOSH!
NOW I CAN
FLY AROUND LIKE
A BIRD!





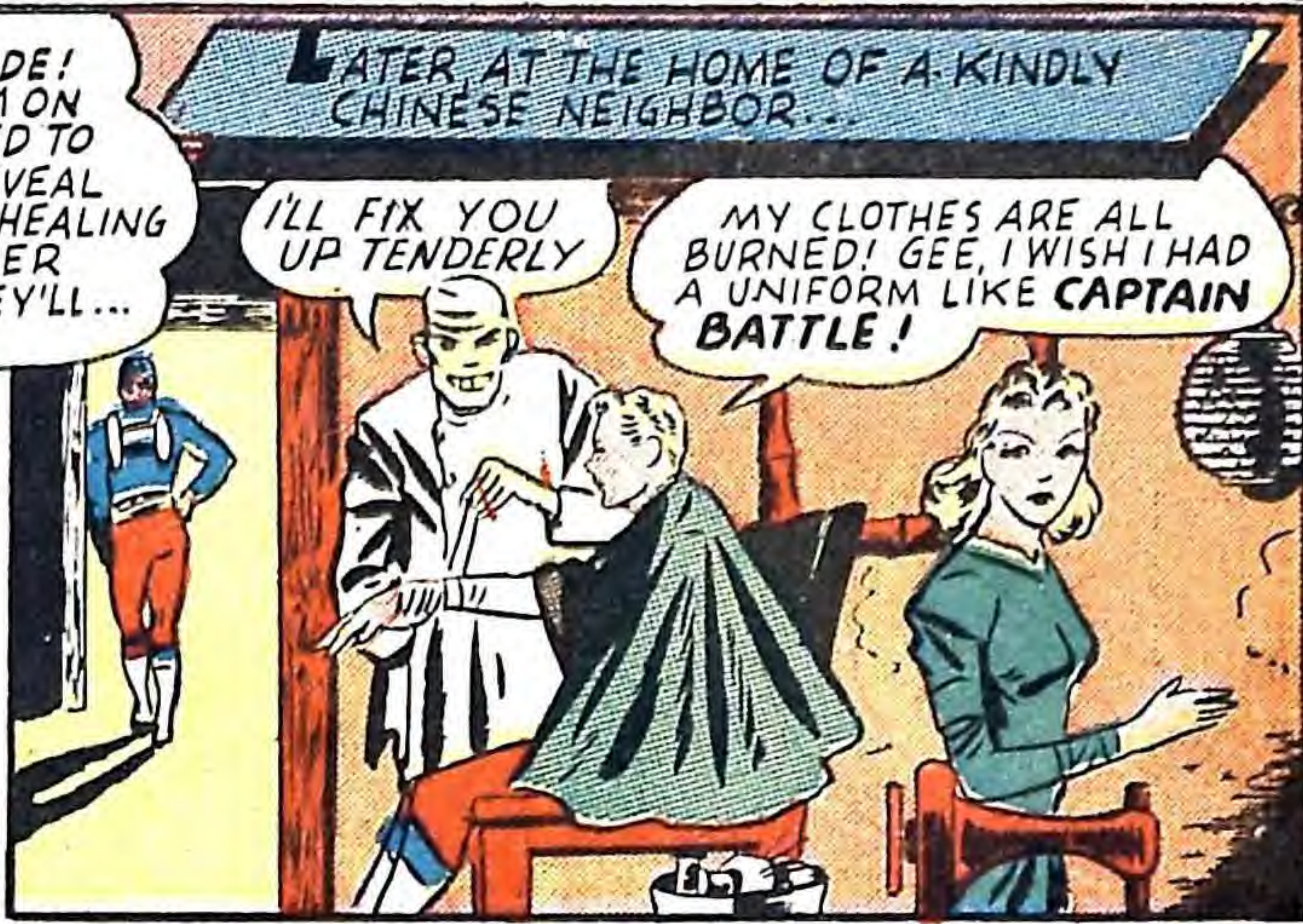


CAUGHT IN THE INFERNO,
HALE HAS PRESENCE
OF MIND ENOUGH TO
SWITCH ON THE **LUCEFLY-
ER**, AND ZOOMS OUT
JUST AS THE TOTTERING
HOUSE COLLAPSES!





MY FATHER, DR. GOODE!
THE NAZIS TOOK HIM ON
THEIR U-BOAT...TRIED TO
FORCE FATHER TO REVEAL
HIS SECRET WOUND-HEALING
FORMULA! BUT FATHER
WON'T TELL AND THEY'LL...
OH-H-H!



LATER, AT THE HOME OF A KINDLY
CHINESE NEIGHBOR...

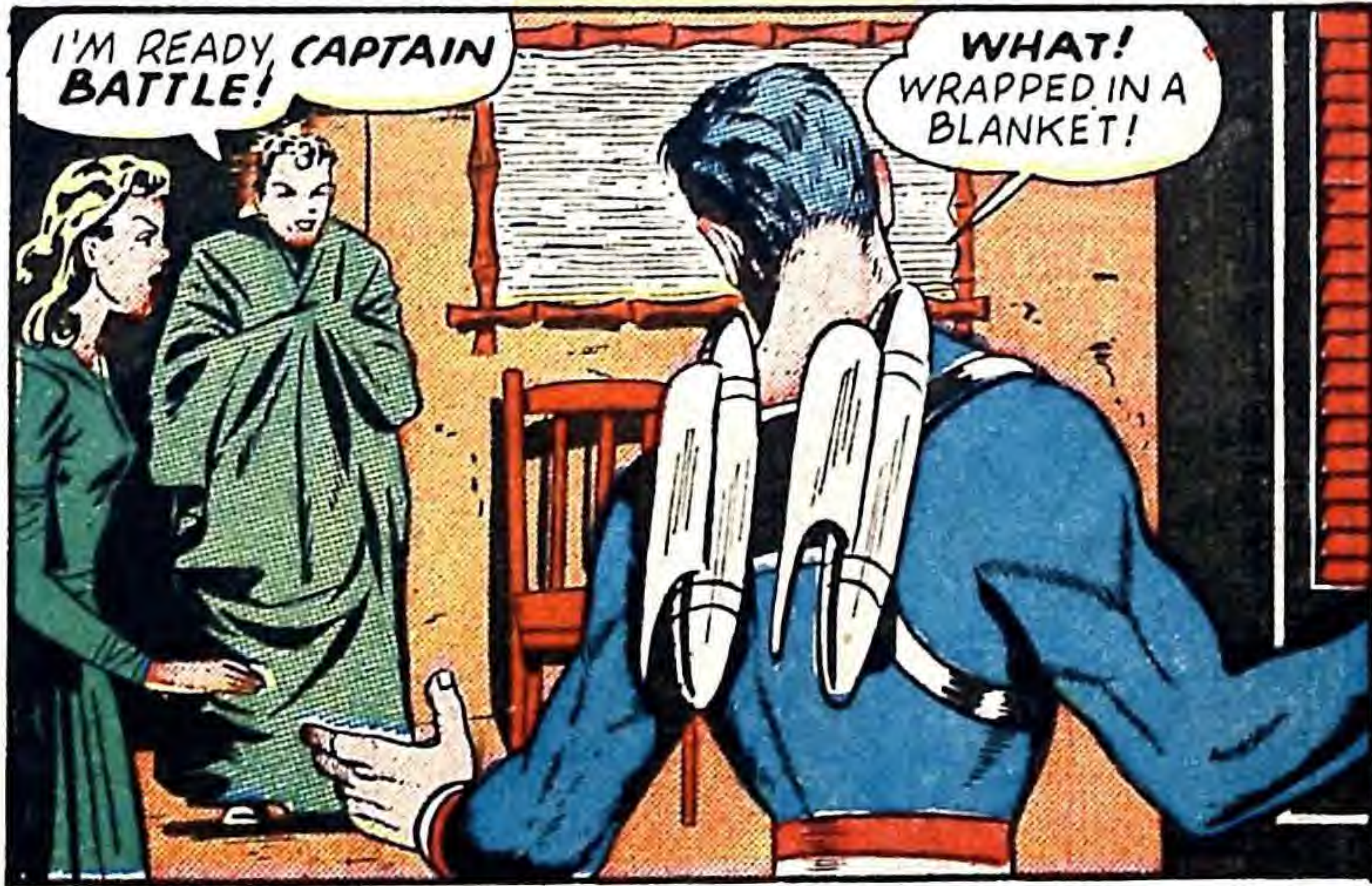
I'LL FIX YOU
UP TENDERLY

MY CLOTHES ARE ALL
BURNED! GEE, I WISH I HAD
A UNIFORM LIKE **CAPTAIN
BATTLE!**



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN BATTLE
WAITS IMPATIENTLY...

THAT SUB IS GETTING
A HEAD START! WONDER
WHAT'S KEEPING **HALE**?



I'M READY, CAPTAIN
BATTLE!

WHAT!
WRAPPED IN A
BLANKET!



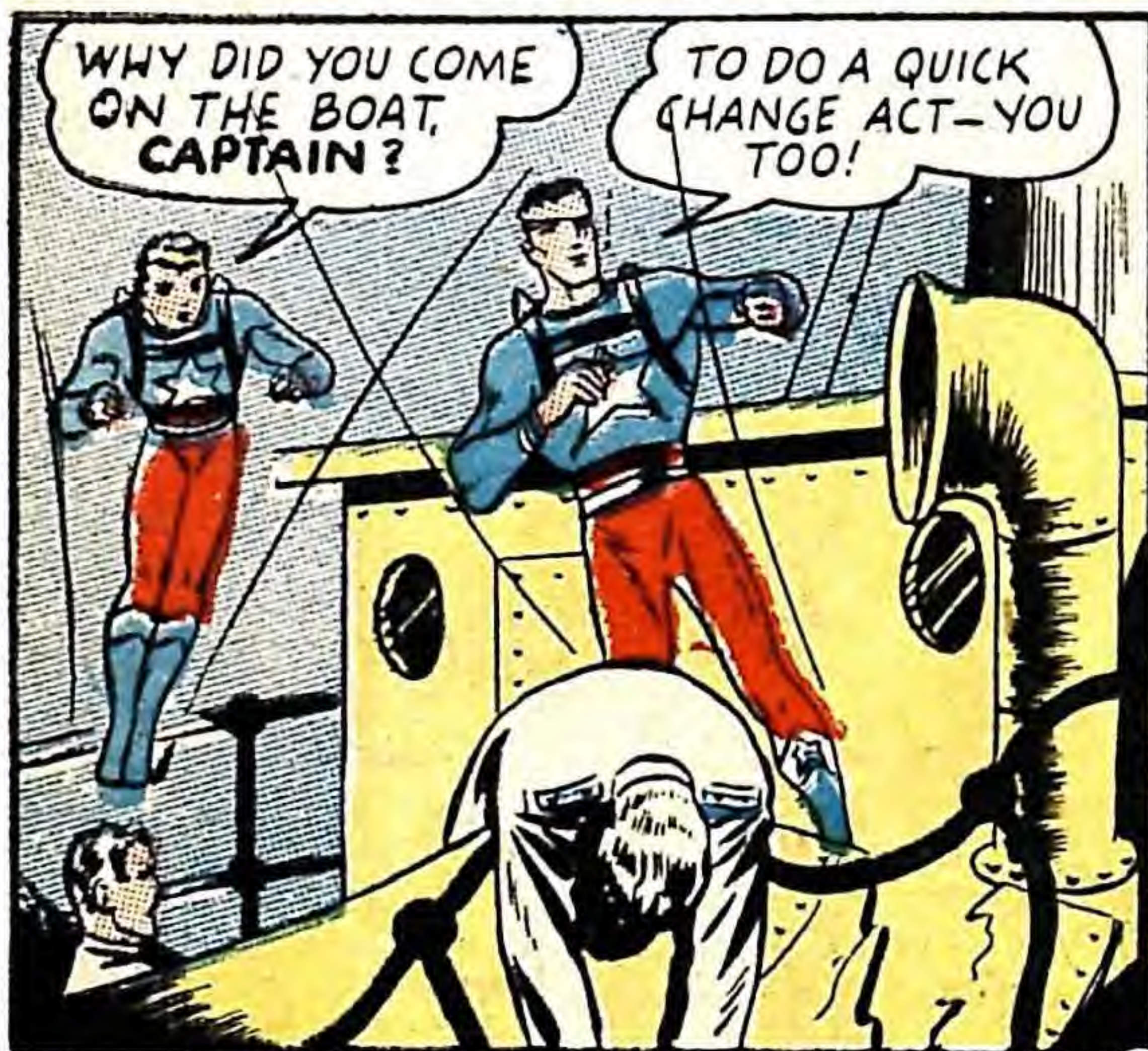
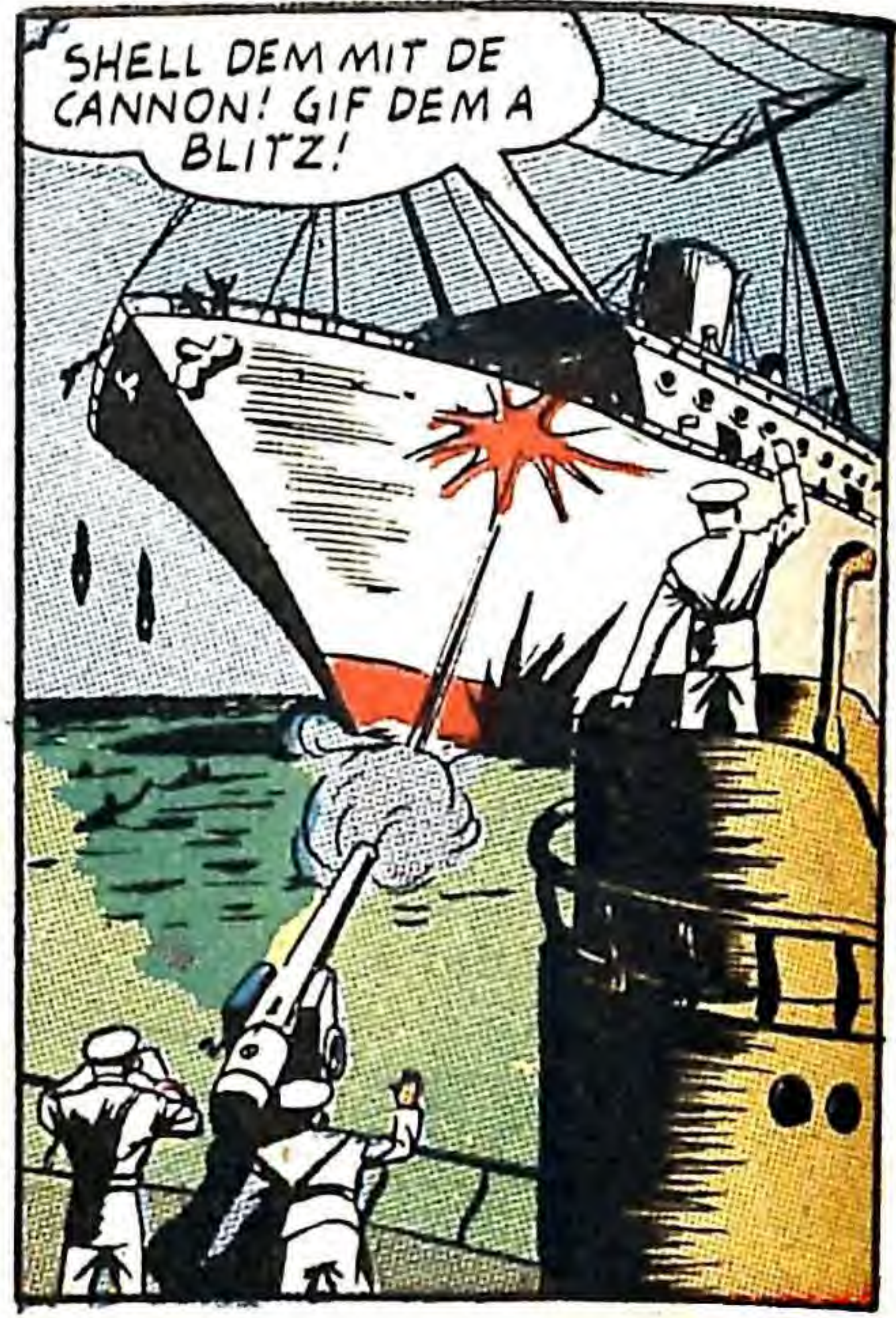
DID YOU SAY BLANKET?

WELL...I'LL
BE!



SHE MADE IT
FOR ME!

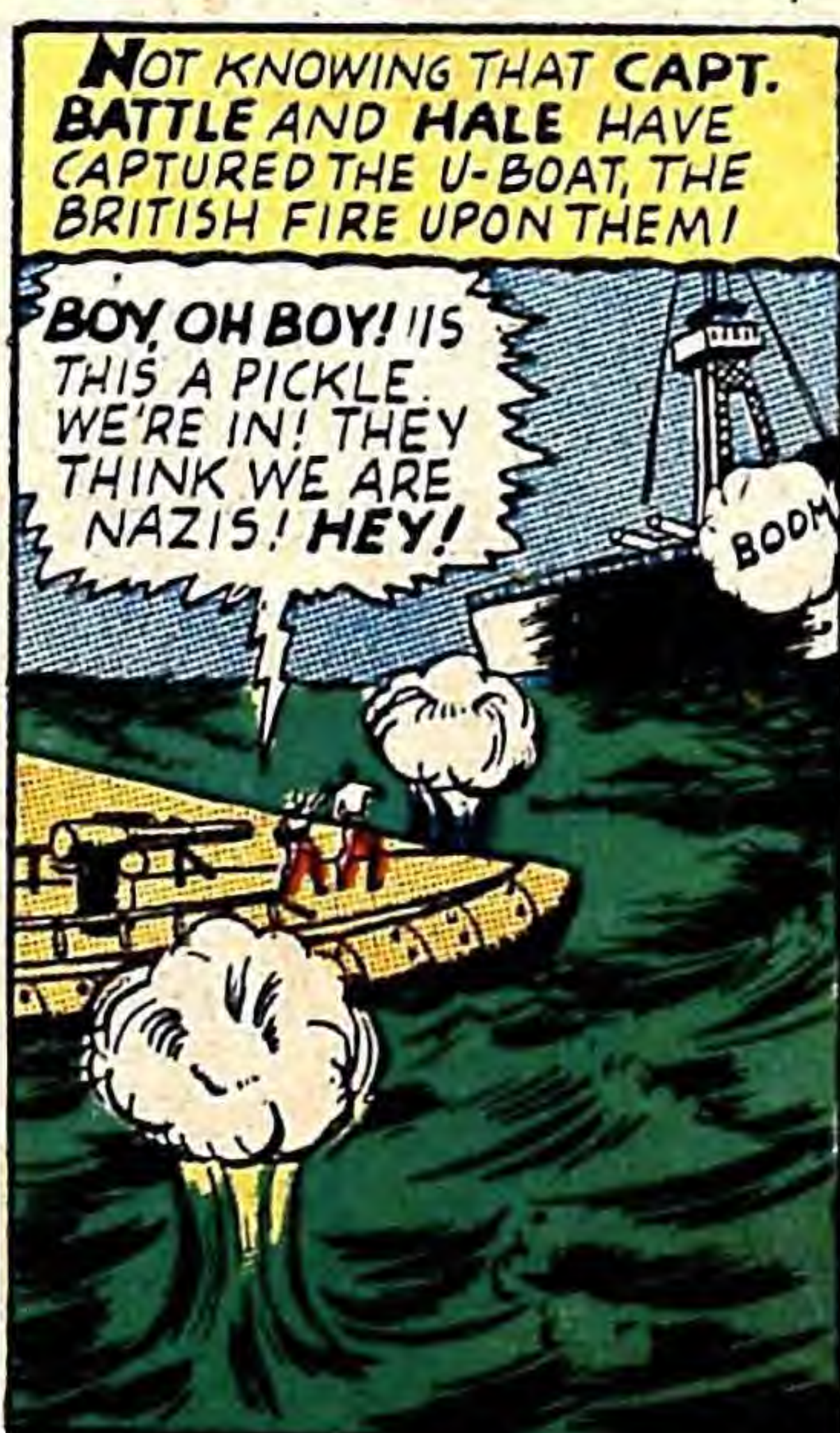
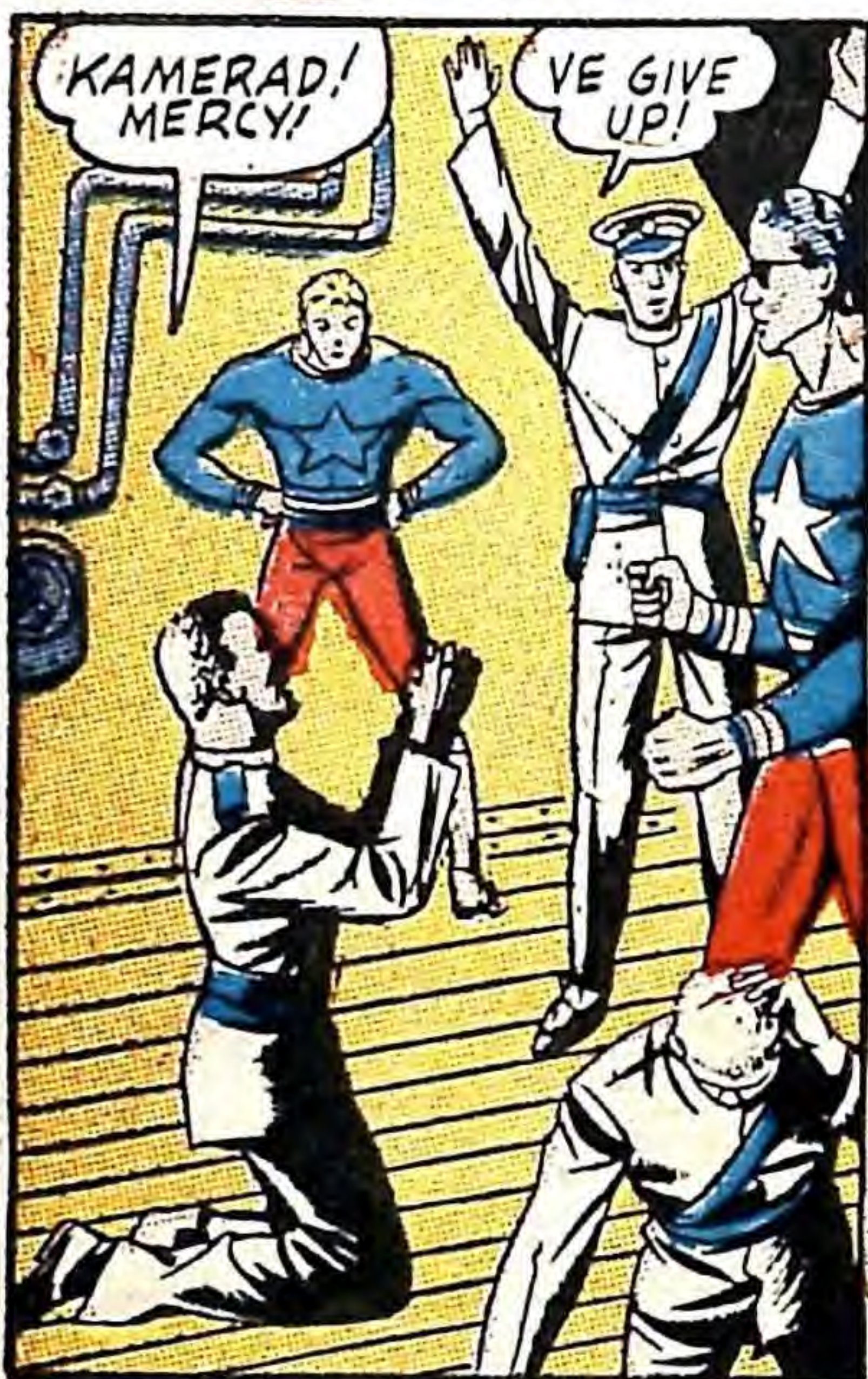
SWELL! NOW-
LET'S GET AFTER
THAT U-BOAT
AND RESCUE DR.
GOODE!

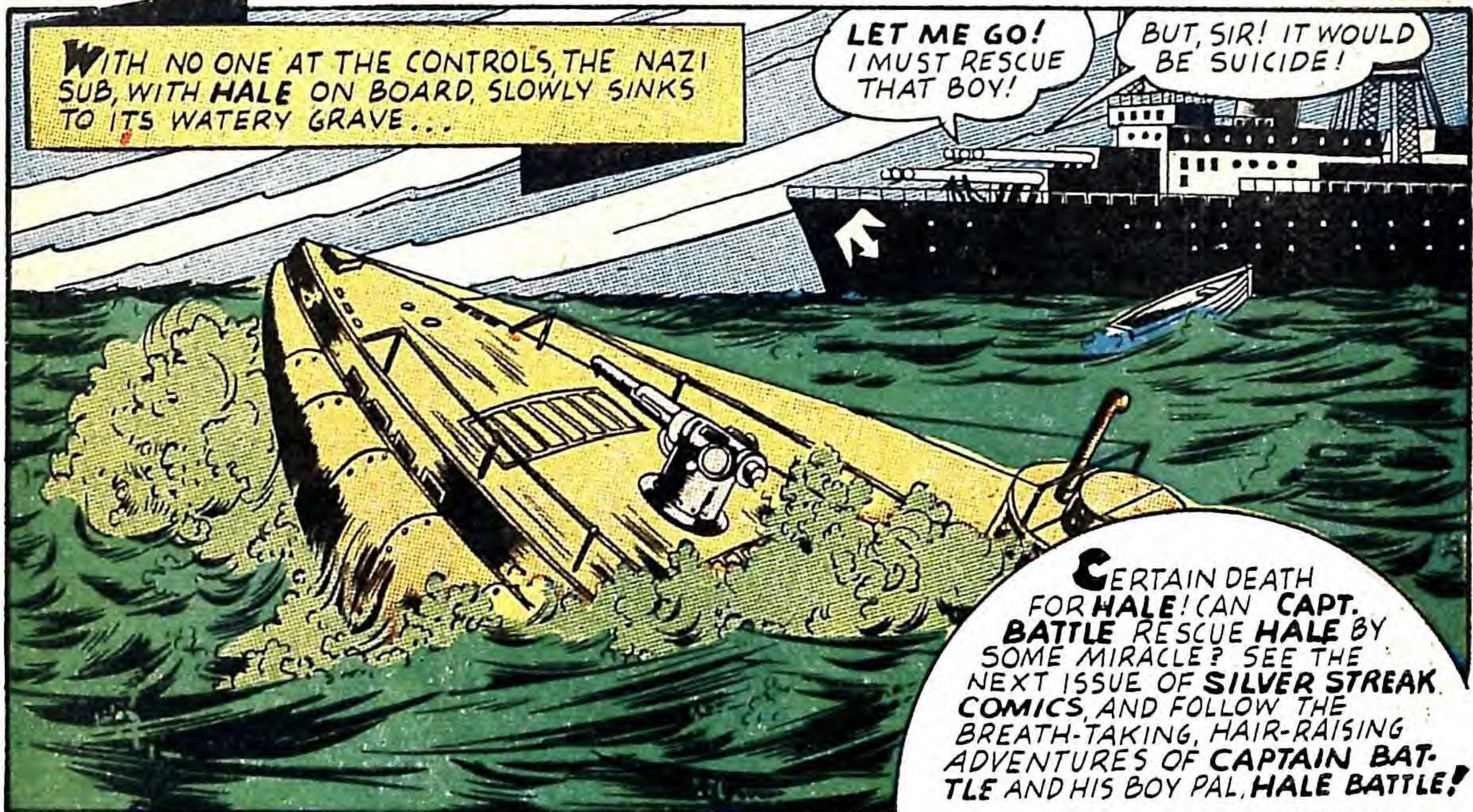
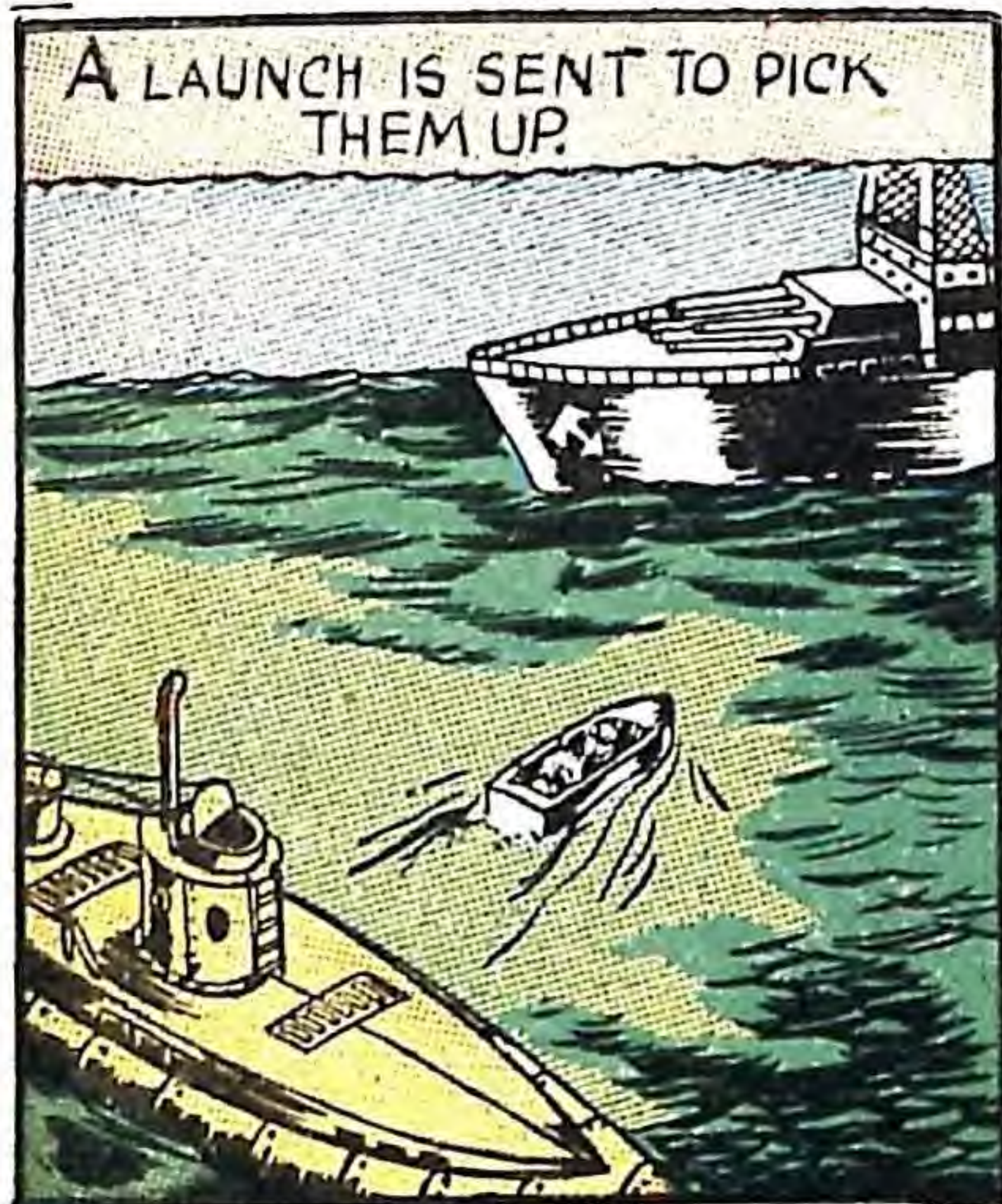




THE NAZI COMMANDER FINDS CAPTAIN
BATTLE'S DISSOLVO-GUN, AND SKEPTI-
CAL OF ITS POWERS, USES IT....







WITH NO ONE AT THE CONTROLS, THE NAZI SUB, WITH HALE ON BOARD, SLOWLY SINKS TO ITS WATERY GRAVE...

LET ME GO! I MUST RESCUE THAT BOY!

BUT, SIR! IT WOULD BE SUICIDE!

CERTAIN DEATH FOR HALE! CAN CAPT. BATTLE RESCUE HALE BY SOME MIRACLE? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK COMICS, AND FOLLOW THE BREATH-TAKING, HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HIS BOY PAL, HALE BATTLE!

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT

CAPT. BATTLE IN PERSON

FLASH! Capt. Battle has appeared in person in several cities in the U.S.A. Our photographer snapped this picture of him making one of his rare personal appearances in New York City. He wants to see that all his friends are joining his great Brigade. Hurry. Join Capt. Battle's Boys' Brigade now, read both SILVER STREAK COMICS and CAPT. BATTLE COMICS every month. If you get enough fellows in your town to join Capt. Battle's Boys' Brigade the Capt. will make a personal appearance at your local battalion in your home town.

JOIN Capt. Battle's Boys' Brigade NOW!

SEE INSIDE FRONT COVER



CAPT. BATTLE Greeting Friends in New York City

READ BOTH SILVER STREAK CAPT. BATTLE COMICS

SILVER Streak

and METEOR...
The BOY SPEED-KING!

The Adventure of
THE
LAUGHING HYENA

The LAUGHING HYENA!

THE VERY NAME STRUCK
TERROR INTO THE HEARTS
OF THE POOR NEGRO SHARE
CROPPERS! FOR WHEN THAT
EERIE, SPINE-TINGLING LAUGH
WAS HEARD... IT MEANT ONLY
ONE THING... SOMEONE WAS
GOING TO BE LYNCHED TO
SATISFY THE BLOODTHIRSTY
LUST OF THE LAWLESS BAND
OF TERRORISTS KNOWN
AS THE HYENAS!

---UNTIL SILVER
STREAK AND METEOR
DEAL THEMSELVES INTO
THE GAME!

by
DON
RICO

SILVER STREAK READS
STARTLING NEWS!

THIS IS DISGUSTING!
AS AN AMERICAN,
IT MAKES ME
ALMOST ASHAMED
OF MY COUNTRY!

WHAT'S
EATING
YOU?

HERE! CAST YOUR GLIMMERS OVER THIS AND SEE IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOUR BLOOD BOIL!

HOLY CATS! THAT IS SOMETHING!

DAILY STAR

LYNCH TWO MORE NEGROES IN SOUDA

LAUGHING HYENAS' ORGANIZATION SUSPECTED

SCENE OF LYNCHINGS

BOY! THIS IS JUST LIKE LEAP-FROG!

AND THIS IS THE COUNTRY THAT'S SUPPOSED TO SHOW THE WAY OF DEMOCRACY TO THE REST OF THE WORLD! AS LONG AS SUCH CONDITIONS EXIST, WE'LL HAVE TO HANG OUR HEADS IN SHAME! PUT YOUR SPEED CLOTHES ON, METEOR...WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, ANYBODY WHO CARED TO LOOK UP AT THE SKY-- WOULD HAVE SEEN A STRANGE SIGHT INDEED!

BECAUSE SILVER STREAK, CHAMPION OF THE UNDERDOG... AND METEOR, HIS VALIANT AIDE-- ARE ON THE WAR-PATH!

WHEN WILL YOU EVER LEARN TO TRAVEL FAST?

WAIT'LL I GET AS BIG AS YOU ARE!



THAT SAME NIGHT, IN THE VILLAGE OF SOUDA, A GROUP OF MEN ARE AT THE HOME OF "BULL" KARSON--

WHAT'S UP, BULL?

NAME IT!

I DIDN'T BRING YOU GUYS ALL THE WAY FROM CHICAGO FOR NOTHIN'! I'VE GOT WORK FOR YOU TO DO!

HERE'S TH' SET-UP! I'M BEING PAID TO KEEP THE NEGROES IN THIS TOWN IN LINE BY KNOCKING ONE OFF EVERY NOW AND THEN--SO THEY'LL WORK CHEAP! BUT TH' LOCAL FOLKS GOT FED UP WITH TOO MUCH LYNCHING AND RAN OUT ON ME! SO I HAD TO IMPORT YOU GUYS TO DO TH' JOBS!





GO AHEAD BOYS-DO A GOOD JOB!

LEAVE IT TO US!



The MEN STEAL TOWARD THE NEGRO SECTION OF TOWN--

HERE THEY ARE, JOE!

OKAY! GIVE OUT WITH THE CACKLE!



HEE! HEE!
EEEEEEEE!!
HA! HA!



WHAT'S THAT?

THE HYENAS! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! SOMEBODY'S GOIN' TO DIE T'NIGHT!

The DOOR SMASHES TO SPLINTERS AS THE HYENAS CRASH INTO THE SHACK--

THERE HE IS--GET HIM!

LORD!



PLEASE...LET HIM ALONE--HE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'! PLEASE...PLEASE!



SHUT UP!!

OH!

SMACK!

WHY--YOU DIRTY RAT!



LET MY WIFE ALONE!

HIT A WHITE MAN, EH?

**A LEAD PIPE DOES THE WORK
THAT FISTS CANNOT--**

THAT'S ENOUGH
OUT OF YOU!

WAM!

**AND SO THE PRONE BODY OF THE DEFENSELESS
SHARE-CROPPER IS DRAGGED TOWARD THE TREE!**

THAT WAS
A NICE
QUICK JOB!

QUIT YER
GABBIN', AN!
STEP ON IT!

OKAY! THE
NECKTIE
IS ALL
SET!

STRING
HIM UP!

LET
GO OF
THAT
ROPE!

MIND IF WE JOIN THE
PARTY--AND BREAK
IT UP?

**SILVER STREAK WHIZZES
'ROUND AND 'ROUND THE
THIRD HYENA--**

JUST THEN
THE THUGS
ARE
PARALYZED
BY THE
LIGHTNING-
ACTION
OF THE
HUMAN
CYCLONES,
**SILVER
STREAK
AND
METEOR!**

POW!

OH!

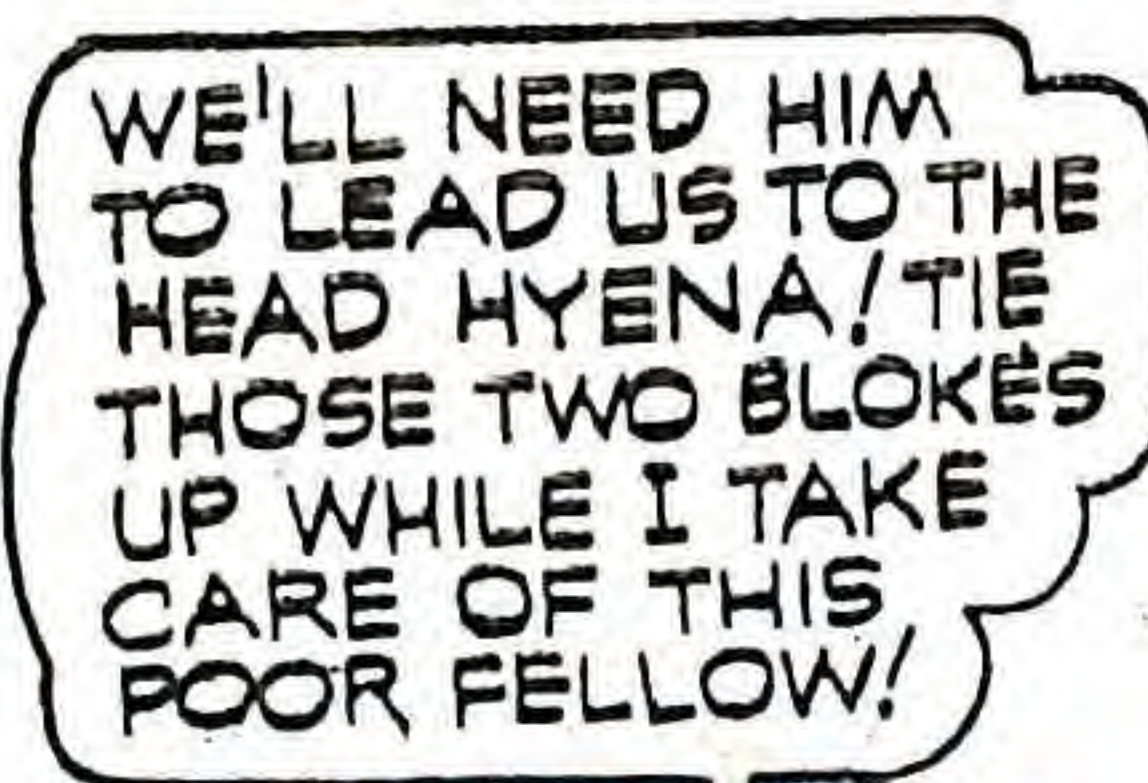
GETTING A BIT
DIZZY, CHUM?



ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY?

LEMME OUTA HERE... THE PLACE IS HAUNTED!

NOT QUITE! I CAN CATCH HIM BEFORE HE GETS VERY FAR!



WE'LL NEED HIM TO LEAD US TO THE HEAD HYENA! TIE THOSE TWO BLOKES UP WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THIS POOR FELLOW!



HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! THEY GAVE ME A NASTY CRACK ON THE HEAD!

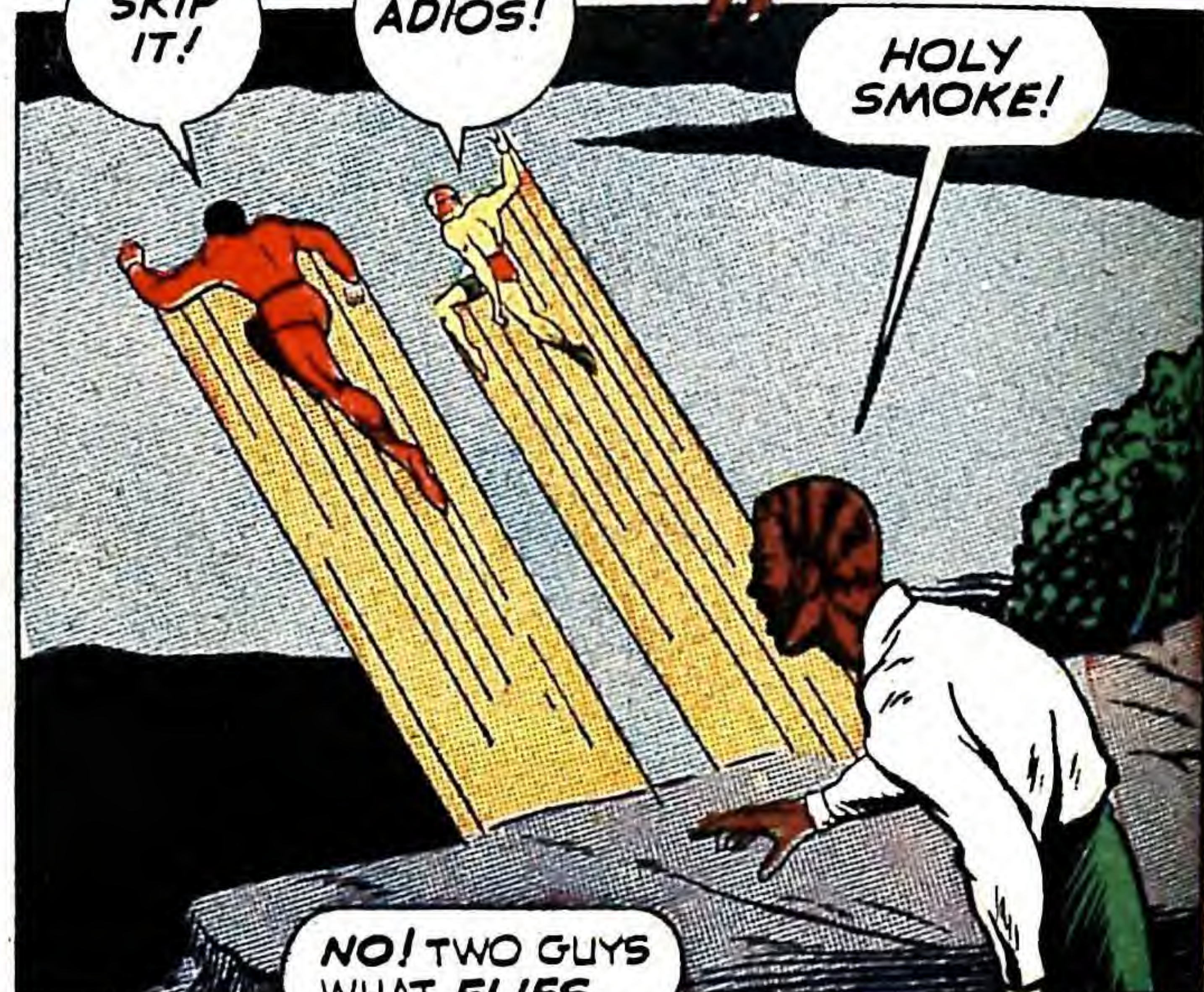
THEY'RE TIED UP, SILVER!



LEAVE THEM HERE FOR THE COPS TO PICK UP! YOU AND I ARE GOING AFTER HYENA NUMBER ONE!

I--I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU TWO!

OKAY!



SKIP IT!

ADIOS!

HOLY SMOKE!



WAIT'LL HE FINDS OUT---



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? THE JOB DONE SO SOON?

NO! TWO GUYS WHAT FLIES BROKE IT UP! WHEW! WAS THEY FAST AND FURIOUS!



GUYS WHAT FLIES! WHADDAYA BEEN DOIN'-- READIN' COMIC MAGAZINES?

YOU MAY THINK
I'M BUGS--BUT I'M
WATCHIN' OUT
FOR MYSELF!

OMIGOSH!
YOU'RE REAL
SERIOUS!

IN THAT CASE,
I'D BETTER GET
MY OWN LITTLE
BERTHA
READY!

LOOK,
SILVER!
THEY'RE
EXPECTING
US!

SO! IN THAT
CASE WE'LL HAVE
TO MAKE A
PROPER
ENTRANCE!
COME ON!

THE DOOR
FLIES OPEN,
and--

WHAT
THE--?

HEY!

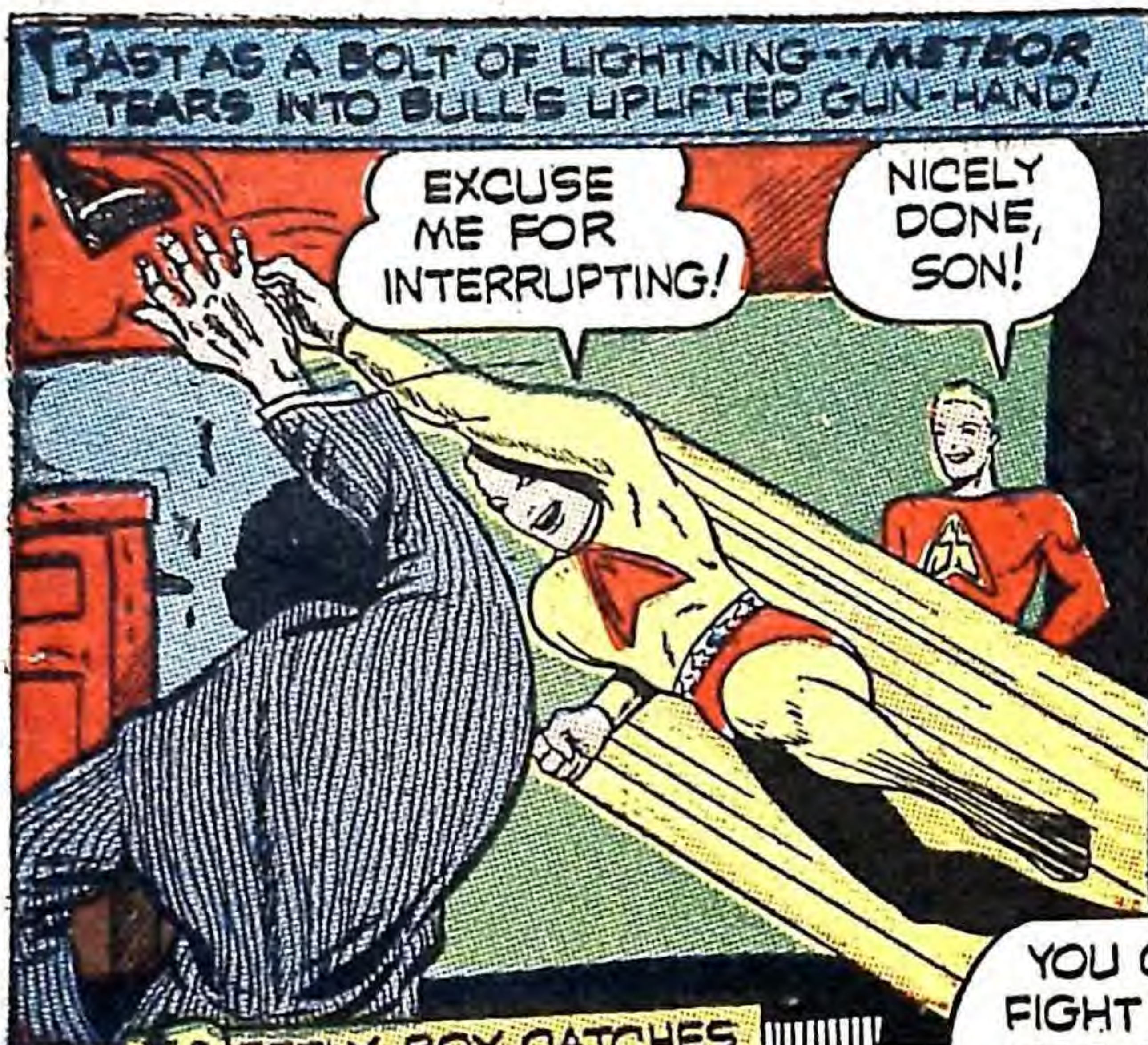
S-S-SEE!
I T-T-TOLD
YOU!

WHAT
HAPPENED?
I'M DIZZY!

YOU'VE BEEN THAT
WAY FOR YEARS,
BROTHER!

OH...
YEAH?

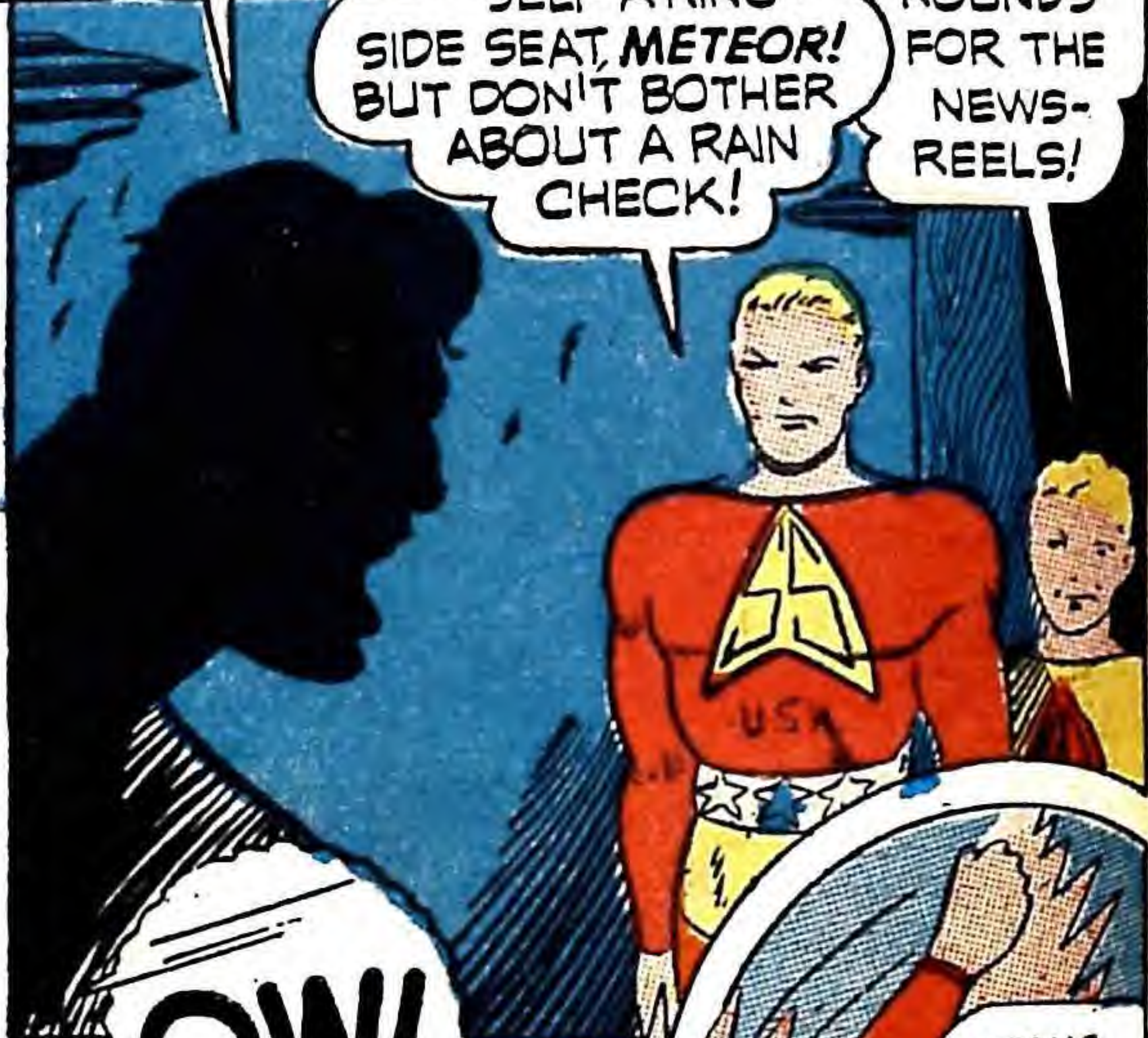
LET'S SEE YOU
GET AWAY FROM
THIS BULLET!



YOU GUYS DON'T FIGHT FAIR! YOU'RE TOO FAST FOR NORMAL PEOPLE!

GRAB YOURSELF A RING-SIDE SEAT, METEOR! BUT DON'T BOTHER ABOUT A RAIN CHECK!

LET HIM LAST A COUPLE OF ROUNDS FOR THE NEWS-REELS!





"ONE-PUNCH SILVER"...I'LL CALL YOU!

HEY...YOUR BOY IS COMING TO!

I'LL SOON FIX THAT!



OH... MY HEAD!!



COME ON, STOOL-PIGEON! TIME FOR YOUR NAP!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO JAIL 'EM! CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST THEM!



PICK THAT GUY UP AND FOLLOW ME! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

OKAY!

THEY SPEED TO THE WATER FRONT AND DUMP THE TWO HYENAS INTO A SHIP'S HOLD--THEN...



WHERE IS THAT SHIP GOING?

TO RANGOON!



HEAVEN HELP RANGOON!

And... SO THE HYENAS WILL LAUGH NO MORE... BUT IN NEXT MONTH'S SILVER STREAK COMICS

Our TWO HEROES RUN SMACK INTO MORE EXCITING EPISODES AS THEY TRY TO SOLVE THE "CASE of the TOTEM POLE"

DON'T MISS IT!

CLOUD CURTIS

AND HIS
GOLDEN
BULLET

CLOUD CURTIS, INVENTOR OF THE GOLDEN BULLET, THE FASTEST THING ON WINGS, COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A MENACE THAT TAXES HIS GREAT VERSATILITY AND MATCHLESS BRAVERY TO THE VERY BREAKING POINT.

by JACK BINDER
AND CARL FORMES

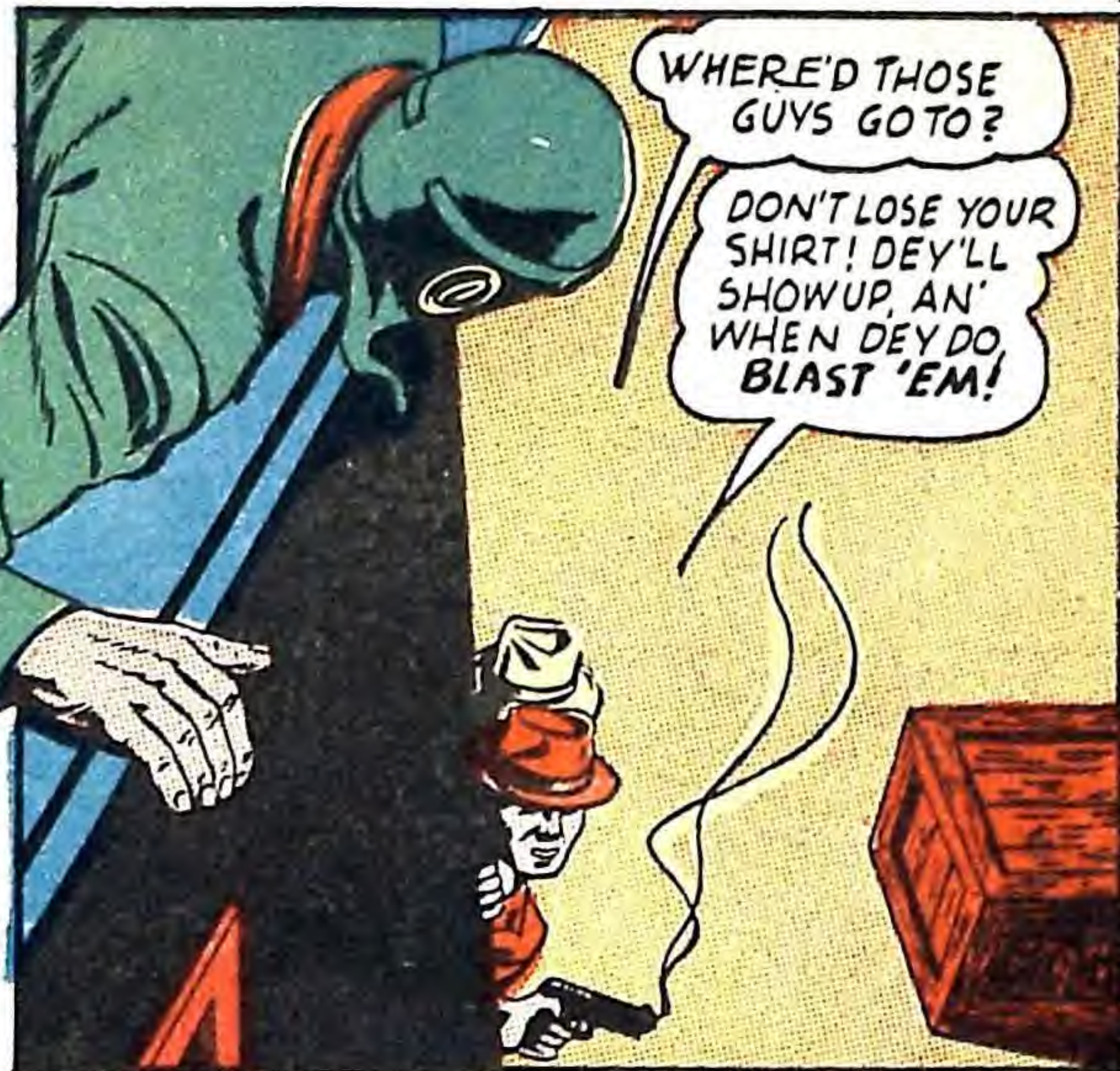
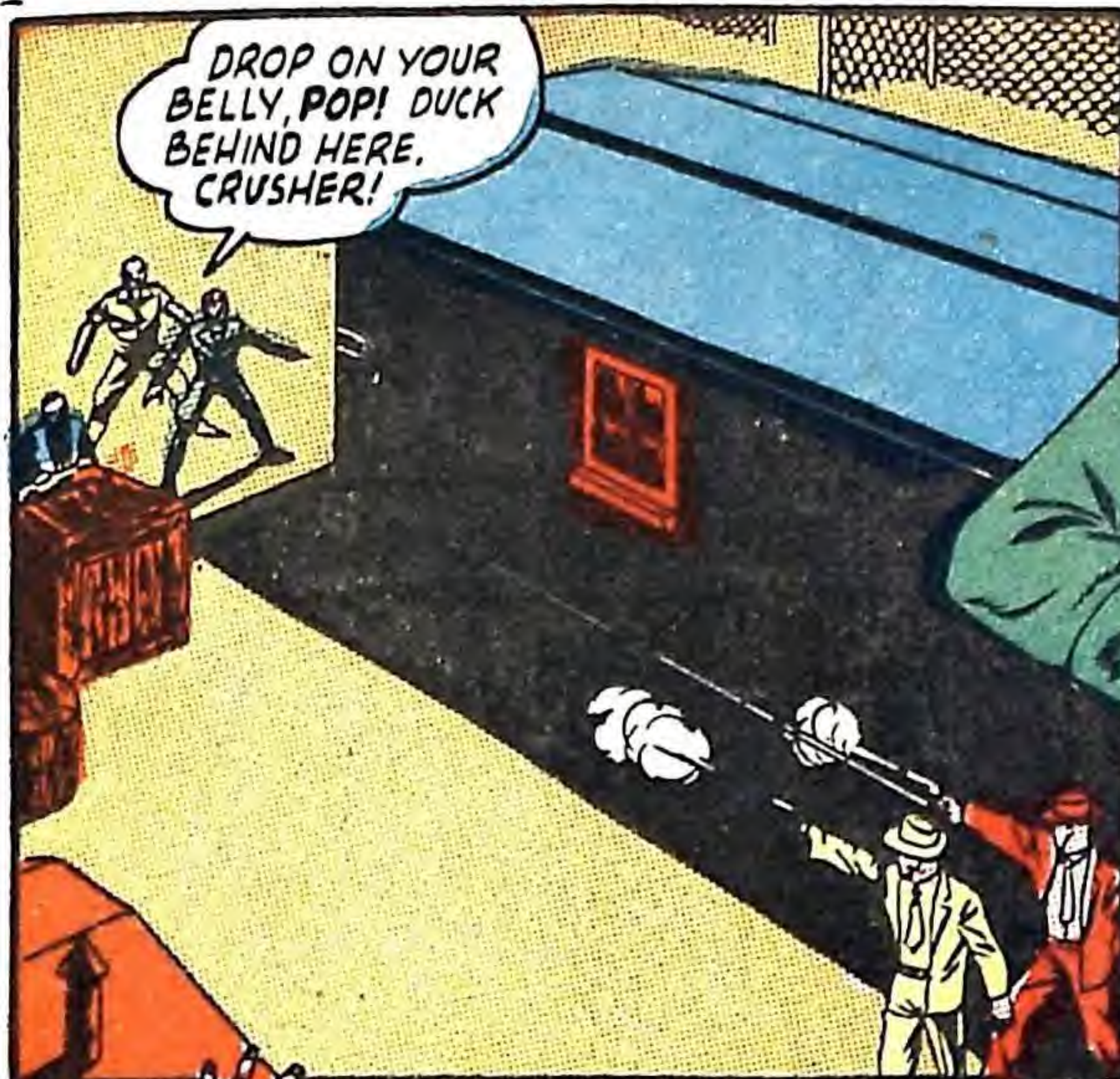
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT TWO MYSTERIOUS FIGURES SNEAK UP TO CLOUD'S HANGAR!

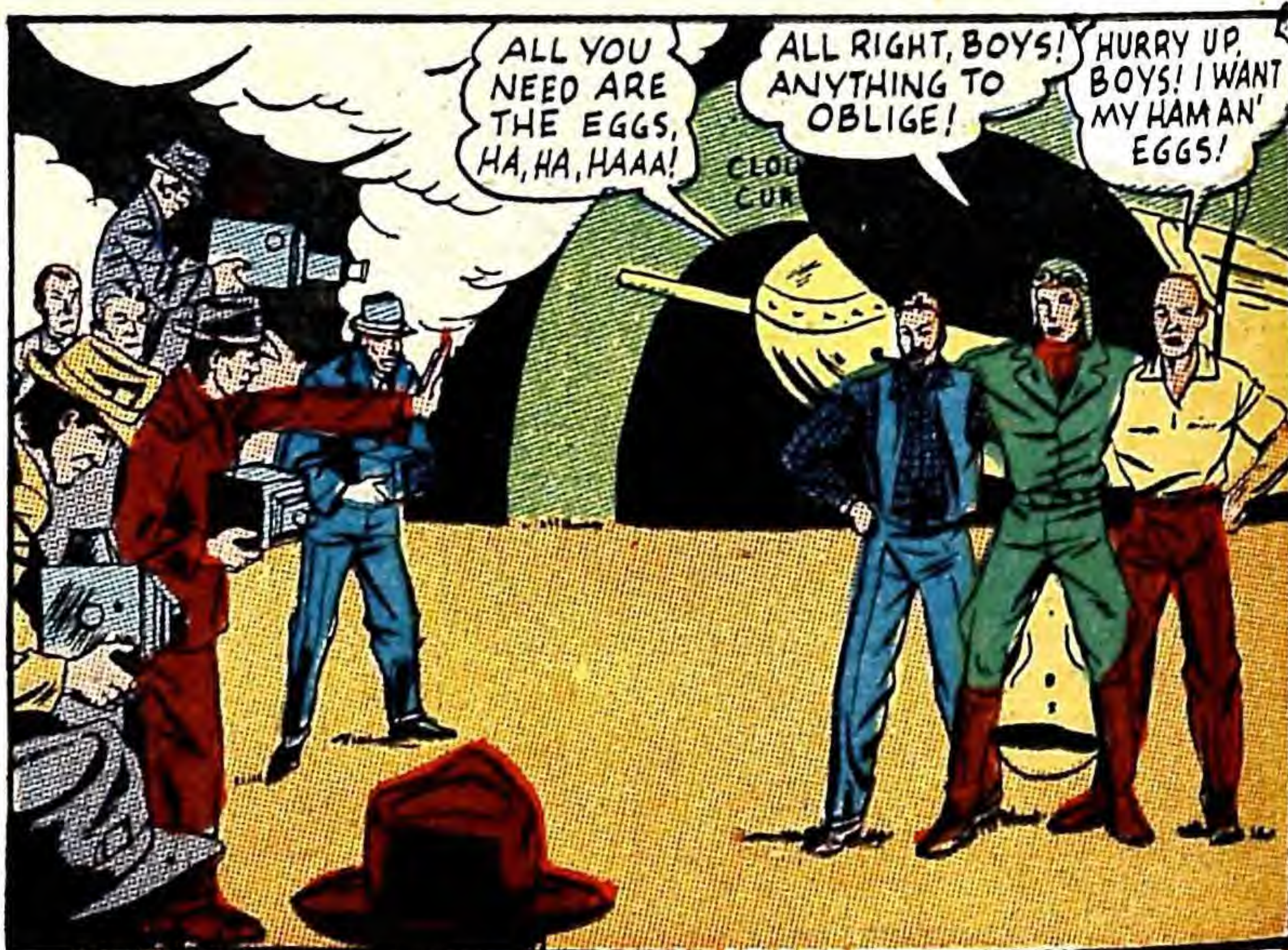
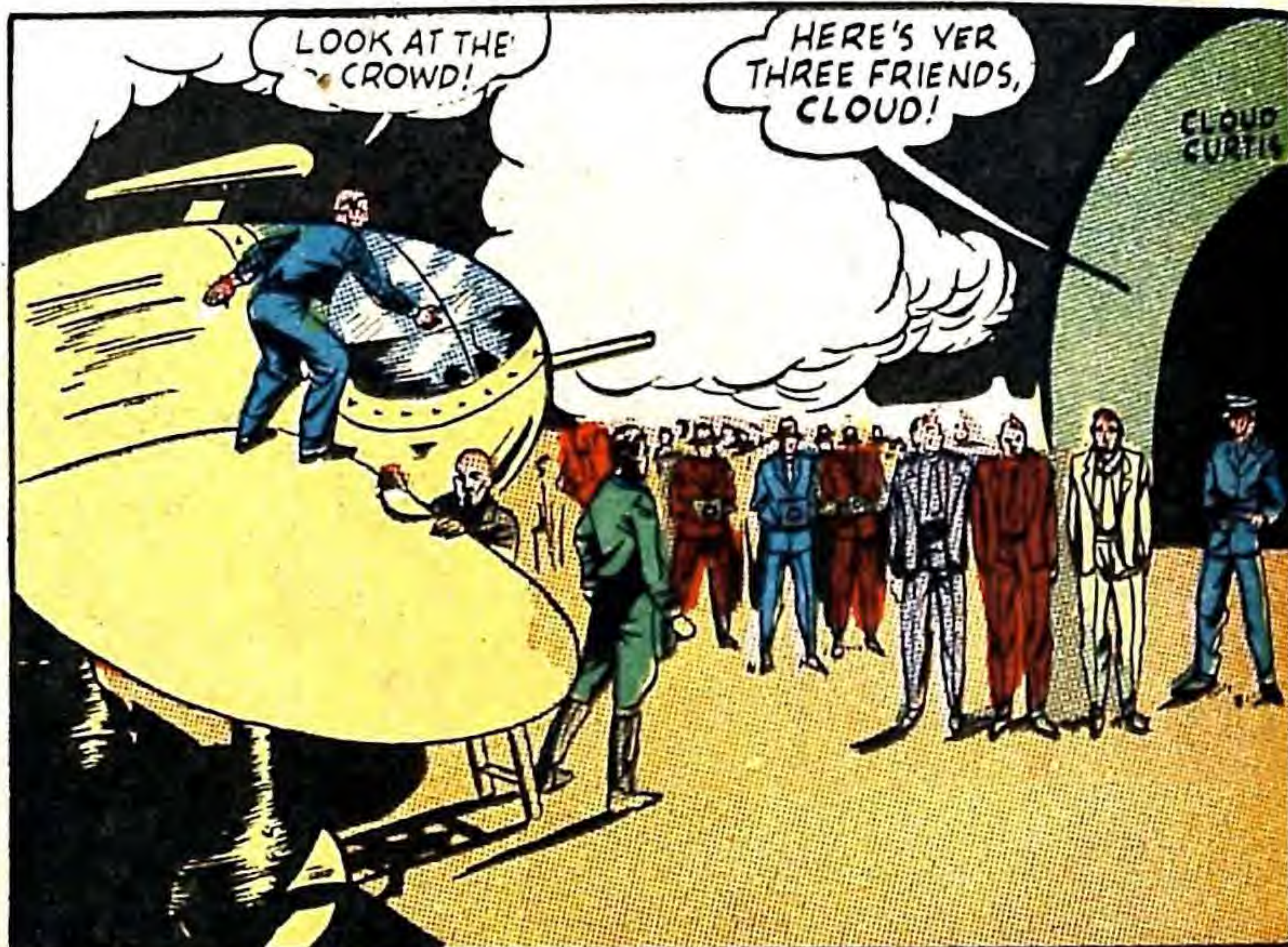
HAPPY BLOWOUT, HE, HE HE!











Capt. BATTLE

in QUICK REVENGE

OR

YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO MY BUDDY



Captain Battle and Hale, his boy pal, whom he had practically adopted, were walking along the water front. It was close to ten at night. He had taken the boy to see his first basketball game. The lad was simply bubbling over with enthusiasm—and questions. There was something mysterious, something sinister to Captain Battle in this sordid, drab wharf neighborhood, and whenever chance offered, he would stroll down its two miles of dirty, ill-smelling extent.

They were passing one of the many beer dives, when its door was violently flung open, and a young man came fairly flying out, ending up in the gutter. He picked himself up, and started brushing off his clothes with the sleeve of his coat. Captain Battle started. He could hardly believe his eyes. The man was in the uniform of the U.S. Army. A soldier of Uncle Sam.

tain, a former member of the A.E.F. in the first world war.

"Oh, those dirty crooks in there," answered the soldier, "Trimmed me out of my month's pay, an' when I squawked, they pitched me out on my ear."

"What did you play?" quizzed Captain Battle.

"Oh, that game with the wheel," answered the soldier. "You know, the one that guy spins around."

"Yes, indeed I do know," replied the Captain. He held a hurried conference with the soldier, handed him a ten dollar bill, and telling Hale to wait for him outside, Captain Battle and the recently ejected soldier entered the stale tobacco laden atmosphere of this combination beer and gambling dive.

They made straight for the roulette table. On its badly soiled and spotted green baize runner,

"What's the matter, Buddy?" asked the Cap-

(Continued on Page 42)

The PIRATE PRINCE



SUDDENLY, AS THE WIND SHIFTS, THE BOOM SWINGS INTO PRINCE'S HEAD, TOSSING HIM INTO THE SEA.



PRINCE SEEMS TO BE SOARING THROUGH SPACE---A RINGING SOUND IS IN HIS EARS, HIS LUNGS SEEM TO BURST. THROUGH HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, THERE IS A VISION OF TREASURE MAPS AND GOLD...



AND FINALLY, THE PIRATE PRINCE FINDS HIMSELF ON A BEACH. BESIDE HIM IS AN OLD MAN.



NEVER MIND WHO I AM. I KNOW YOU'RE AFTER MY BURIED TREASURE. IF YOU CAN GET IT, YOU CAN KEEP HALF. BUT YOU WILL MEET **MUCH DANGER!** HERE IS A PIECE OF MAP. FOLLOW THE TRAIL, AND YOU WILL FIND A **SECOND** PIECE. FINALLY, YOU WILL HAVE THE ENTIRE MAP. THEN, YOU CAN FIND THE TREASURE.



THE OLD MAN WALKS OFF.

HE'S GONE! QUEER OLD GUY... WONDER WHERE MY PALS ARE? --WELL--MIGHT AS WELL LOOK FOR THE TREASURE



THE TRAIL LEADS INTO THIS CAVE. IS THE SECOND PART THERE?



ONCE INSIDE, PRINCE SEES A GHASTLY SCENE. ON THE GROUND IS THE NEXT CLUE TO THE TREASURE. SURROUNDING IT IS---



WHAT IN--AM I DREAMING?

NO. THIS IS NOT A DREAM!

COME IN! WE GUARD THE SECOND PIECE OF MAP!



BUT BEFORE YOU GET IT--

WE'LL INITIATE YOU!



WE'LL START BY PEELING OFF YOUR SKIN!

THEN YOU'LL LOOK LIKE US!



PRINCE SHAKES HIMSELF FREE
AND DIVES INTO THE GROUP OF
SKELETONS.



..AND WHEN PRINCE STANDS UP..

WHY-- THEY'VE
TURNED INTO
A PILE OF
CLAY PIPES!



I HAVE THE
SECOND PIECE
OF THE MAP,
SO I'M ON
MY WAY.



HERE'S WHERE
THE TRAIL ENDS.
WHERE'S THE
NEXT CLUE?

IT'S UP
HERE
IF YOU
WANT
IT!



YOU GOT PAST THOSE
SKELETONS-- BUT
YOU WON'T GET
MY PIECE OF MAP!



I'VE
COME
THIS
FAR..
I'LL GET
YOU!



PRINCE'S BRAIN WORKS
AT LIGHTNING SPEED. HE
TAKES A SPRIG OF LEAVES
AND TICKLES THE NOSE
ON THE FACE. THEN--

AH-HO!



WASTED OUT INTO THE
BREEZE, A PIECE OF
PAPER IS FREED FROM
THE KNOTTY MOUTH.



OF COURSE! IT'S
THE MAP! AND
THIS ONE SHOWS
THE EXACT
LOCATION OF
THE TREASURE!



SAY! I HOPE THERE
AREN'T ANY MORE
MONSTERS ON
THE TRAIL. THIS
HAS BEEN A
NIGHTMARE!



HERE'S THE SPOT. SOME-ONE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO LEAVE ME A SPADE!



PRINCE DIGS FURIOUSLY, UNTIL HIS SPADE HITS SOMETHING SOLID.

IT'S THE TREASURE CHEST-- NO-- IT'S-- OH-- A COFFIN!



WHY DO YOU DISTURB MY SLUMBER? I ONCE HAD A HUGE FORTUNE-- WHAT GOOD IS IT TO ME NOW? GO AWAY!



SUDDENLY THE GROUND GIVES WAY UNDER PRINCE.

WOOPS! I'M FALLING!



...AND PRINCE FINDS HIMSELF BEFORE...

HO HO HO! SO YOU'RE AFTER THE GOLD, EH?



HERE--HEH HEH-- TAKE IT!



OH! YOU'D GRAB IT, EH? WELL, TAKE THAT! HO HO!



THINK YOU'RE SMART WITH ALL THOSE ARMS? WELL, HERE'S WHERE THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BE SO HANDY!





LET'S SEE YOU USE ALL THOSE ARMS YOU OCTOPUS!



DASHING TO AND FRO, IN AND OUT, PRINCE TAUNTS THE GIANT WITH STINGING JABS THE SIX ARMS REVOLVE LIKE A WINDMILL --



--AND LO! IN DUE TIME, HIS ARMS ARE ALL TANGLED!

AW, NOW LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!

I LEAVE YOU, MY FRIEND. GOOD DAY!



BUT AS PRINCE LEAVES, A HORDE OF BATS FLIES DOWN INTO HIS FACE!



EVERYTHING IS BLACK-- THE BAT WINGS RIP INTO PRINCE'S FACE, AND HE FEELS THE UNTANGLED ARMS OF THE GIANT SEIZING HIM!----

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

WAKE UP, WAKE UP!

HE'S BEEN OUT FOR FIVE MINUTES.

GO WAY! LEAVE ME ALONE-- LET ME DIE IN PEACE!



WAKE UP, PRINCE! YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING!

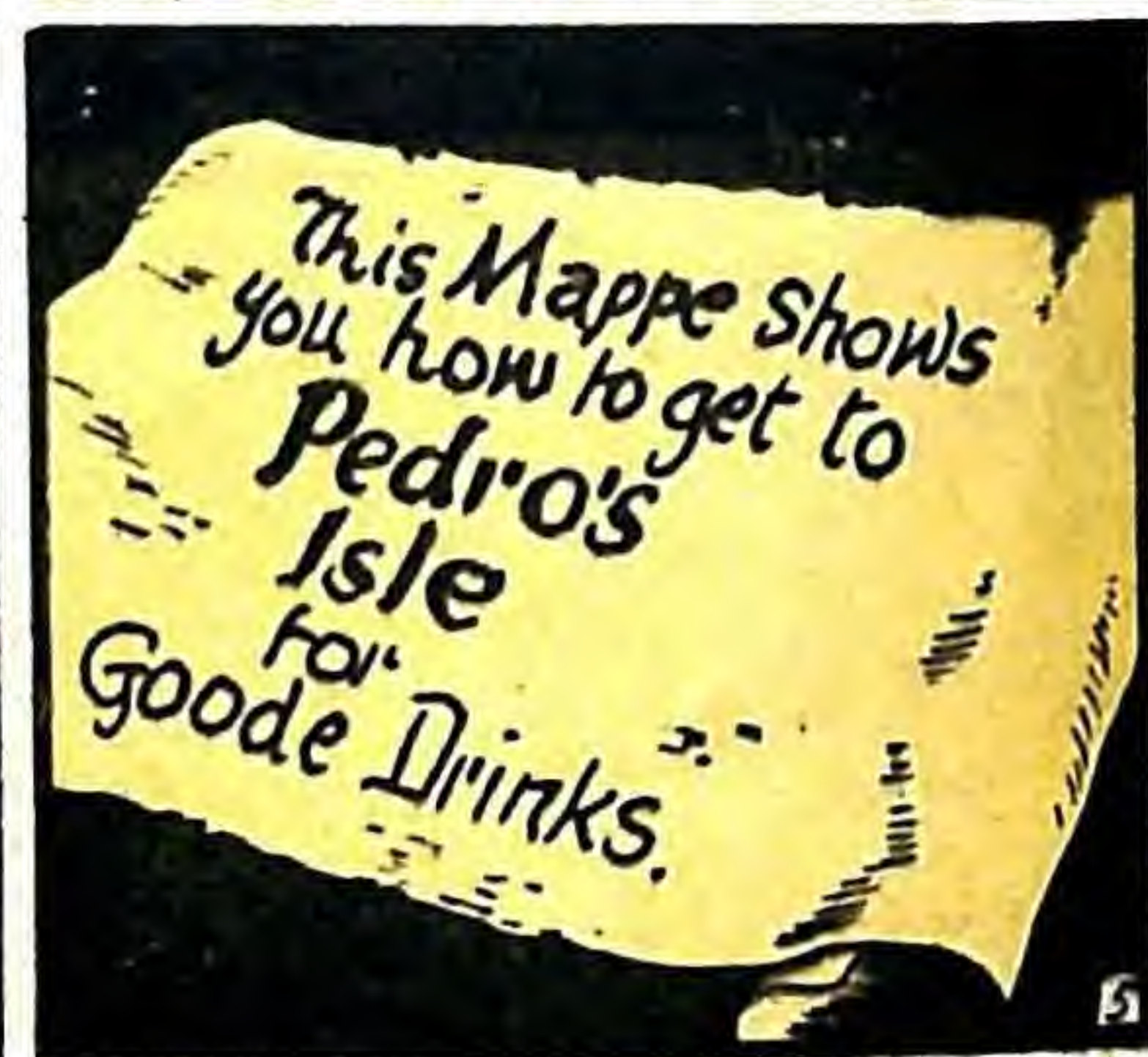
WH--WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU WERE KONKED BY THE BOOM! BOY-- WERE YOU BATTLING!



YOU MEAN TO SAY I WAS UNCONSCIOUS? AND THERE REALLY WERE NO SKELETONS, OR TREES, OR GIANTS, OR BATS--OR-- SAY! WHERE'S THE TREASURE MAP?

WHAT TREASURE MAP?! THAT WAS A PHONEY! LOOK AT THE OTHER SIDE--!



THE PIRATE PRINCE RETURNS TO HOLD YOU SPELLBOUND IN ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING EPISODE NEXT MONTH IN SILVER STREAK COMICS!

BOYS AND GIRLS WIN \$100 IN CASH PRIZES

PRIZES

First Prize \$50

Second Prize \$10

5 Third Prizes each \$5

25 Fourth Prizes .. each \$1

**ALL PRIZES
ARE CASH**

IT'S EASY TO WIN!

Here's all you do..
Just answer these
two questions...

- 1 Which feature do you like best in SILVER STREAK COMICS and why?
- 2 How I get all my friends to buy SILVER STREAK COMICS?

It's fun—It's simple! • Win a Prize—Write your letter



Follow these SIMPLE Rules

- 1 For Question No. 1. Write down in a letter the name of your favorite SILVER STREAK COMIC feature and then in not more than 100 words explain WHY you prefer that feature.
- 2 For Question No. 2. Write not more than 100 words to explain the clever way in which you get all your friends to buy SILVER STREAK COMICS.
- 3 Write your name, address and age on the bottom of the letter, and on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope.
- 4 Mail it to The Editor, SILVER STREAK COMICS, 114 East 32 Street, New York, N. Y. Your letter must be postmarked not later than August 9, 1941. That's all there is to it—and you may win the First Prize. Hurry and send your letter in right away.

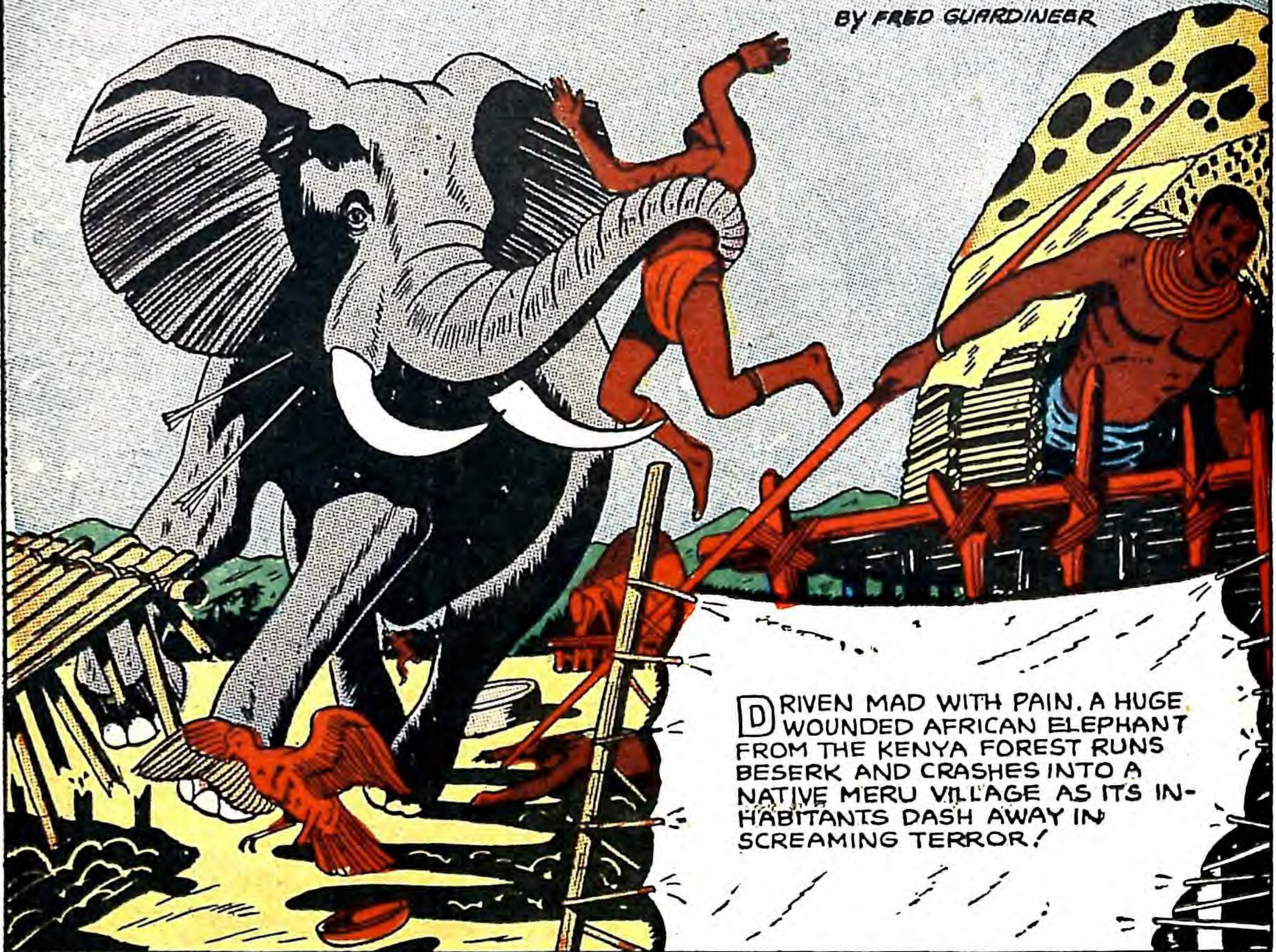
IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE AWARDS WILL BE MADE

All letters become the property of SILVER STREAK COMICS and no letters will be returned. Decision of the judges will be final. Announcement of prizes will be made in earliest possible issue.

**IT'S FUN—IT'S SIMPLE
—GET YOUR LETTERS
IN TODAY—
WIN A PRIZE!**

LANCE HALE

BY FRED GUARDINEER



DRIVEN MAD WITH PAIN, A HUGE WOUNDED AFRICAN ELEPHANT FROM THE KENYA FOREST RUNS BESERK AND CRASHES INTO A NATIVE MERU VILLAGE AS ITS INHABITANTS DASH AWAY IN SCREAMING TERROR!

HOPING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH LANCE HALE A NATIVE GRABS A TOM-TOM AND BEATS OUT A RYTHMIC MESSAGE



13

HUNTING FAR AWAY IN THE WILDS, LANCE HALE, THE WHITE RANGER OF THE JUNGLE PAUSES AS HE HEARS THE DRUM BEATS!

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!



TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF THE JUNGLE LANCE EASILY UNDERSTANDS WHAT THE TOM-TOM SAYS!

A CRAZED ELEPHANT IS TEARING UP THE MERU VILLAGE, I'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL FAST!



14

DISPLAYING THE SPEED AND ENDURANCE OF THE CLEAN LIVING ATHLETE THAT HE IS, LANCE RACES FOR HOURS ALONG THE JUNGLE TRAIL.



AT LAST, THE OPEN VELD AND THE VILLAGE IN THE DISTANCE!



THE JUNGLE MAN REACHES THE DAMAGED TOWN AND VIEWS THE WRECKAGE.

WE KNEW YOU'D COME TO OUR AID LANCE!



SOME OF OUR HUNTERS WOUNDED THAT ELEPHANT AND HE CAME HERE TO REVENGE HIMSELF ON OUR TRIBE. HE MUST BE KILLED AND ONLY YOU CAN DO IT!



IT WILL BE DANGEROUS TO TRACK DOWN A WOUNDED ELEPHANT BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!



FOLLOWING THE ELEPHANT'S TRAIL LANCE ENTERS THE GREAT KENYA FOREST BORDERING THE MERU VILLAGE.

HE'S BLEEDING PRETTY MUCH - MAKES IT EASY TO FOLLOW!



A FEW MILES AHEAD THE ELEPHANT IS LUMBERING ALONG THROUGH THE BRUSH.



NEARBY, NADA, THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, HAVING RUN INTO THE FOREST FOR SAFETY - CROUCHES AS SHE HEARS THE HEAVY TREAD OF THE APPROACHING ANIMAL.



SUDDENLY THE ELEPHANT STOPS AND SUSPICIOUSLY TESTS THE AIR WITH HIS TRUNK!

HE'S CAUGHT MY SCENT!



TRUMPETING IN RAGE THE BIG ANIMAL CHARGES AT THE GIRL WHO RUNS FOR HER LIFE!



SWIFT AS SHE IS NADA CAN NOT HOPE TO EVADE THE ENORMOUS BEAST.

HE'S GOING TO CATCH ME!



IN DESPERATION THE DARK SKINNED GIRL SPRINGS UP INTO A TREE!

HELP!



LANCE BREAKS INTO A SPRINT AS HE HEARS THE YELLS FOR HELP!

THERE'S THE ELEPHANT! AND NADA—



QUICKLY LANCE HURLS HIS RAZOR SHARP SPEAR!

SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT THIS WILL HURT YOU!

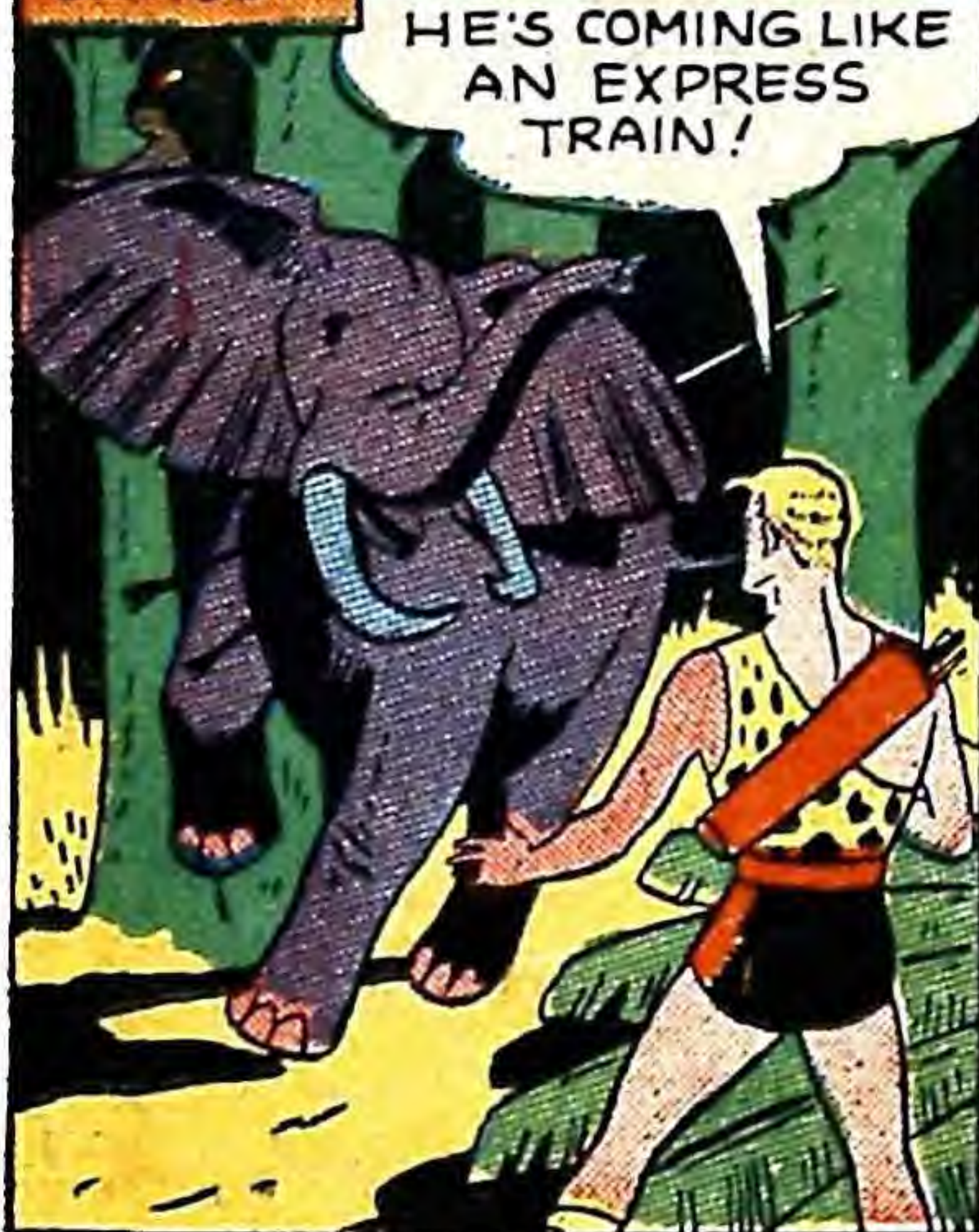


WITH A BELLOW OF PAIN THE MAD ELEPHANT REARS UP AS THE SPEAR SLICES INTO HIS SIDE!



TURNING ON HIS NEW ENEMY THE BIG TUSKER RUSHES AT LANCE.

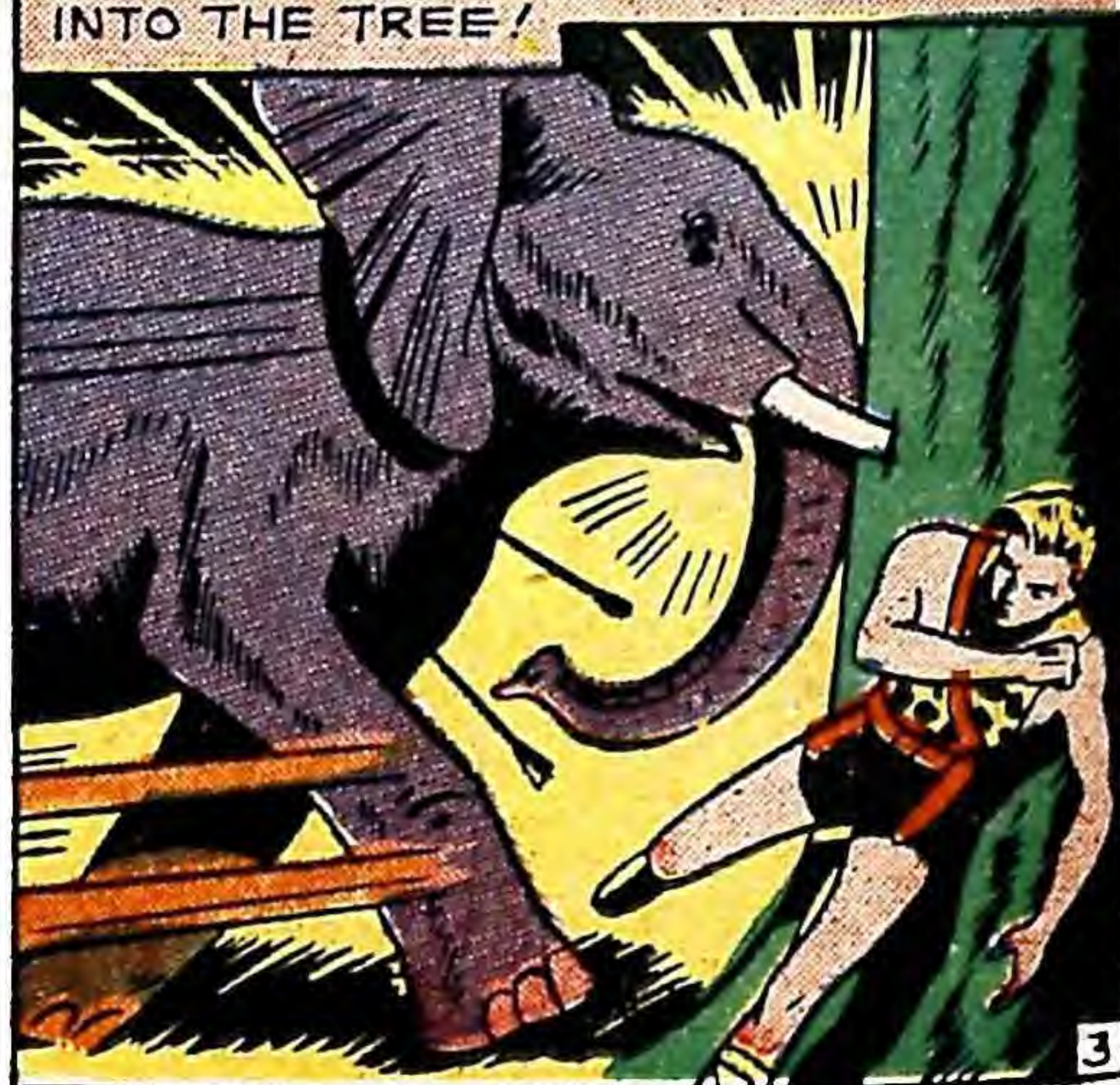
HE'S COMING LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN!



BACKED AGAINST A LARGE TREE THE JUNGLE MAN COOLLY WAITS FOR THE CHARGE!



IN THE NICK OF TIME LANCE DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY AS A COUPLE TONS OF RAGING ELEPHANT CRASH INTO THE TREE!



THE TUSKS OF THE MADDENED JUNGLE MONARCH STICK FIRMLY INTO THE TREE!



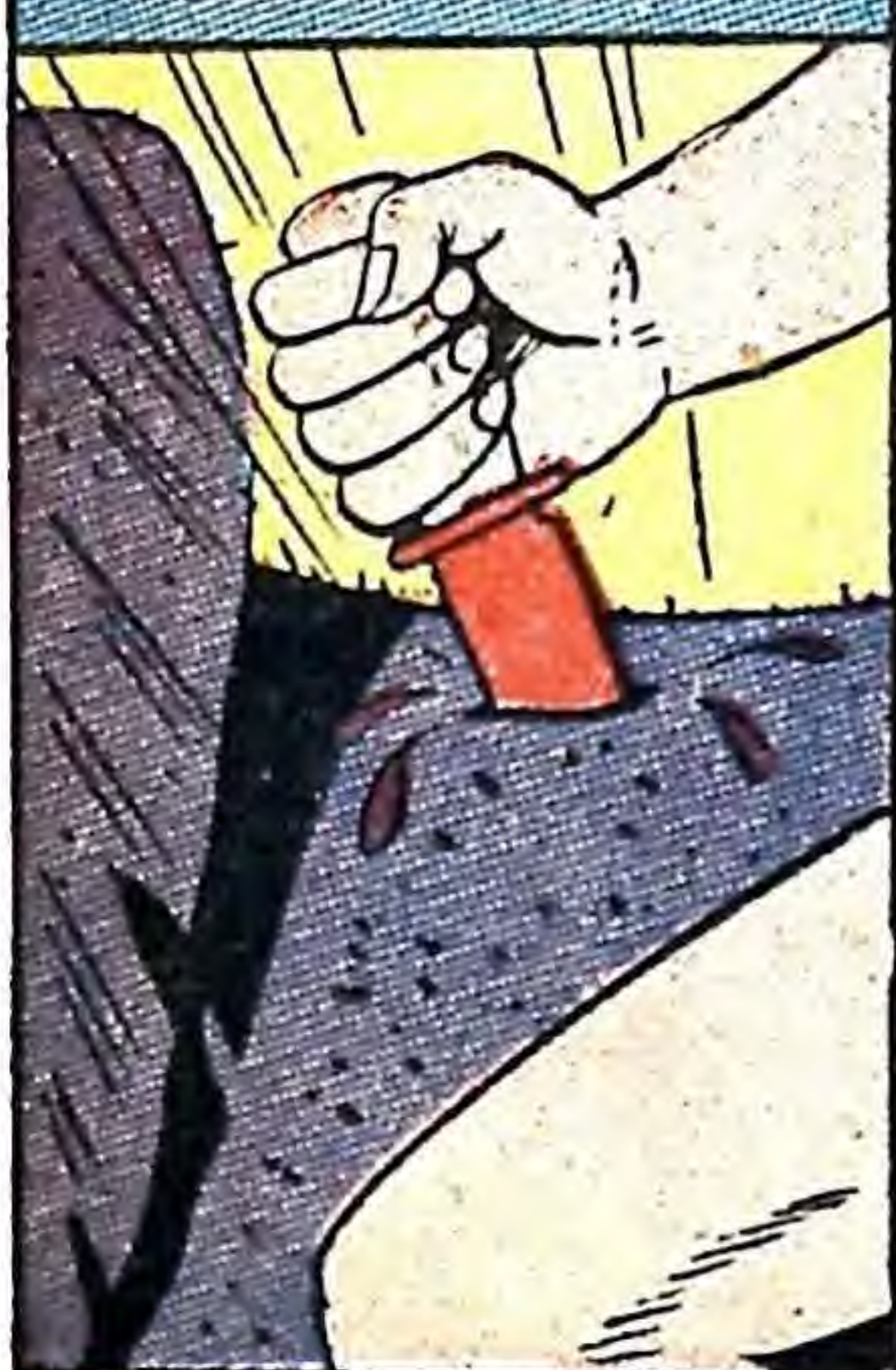
IMMEDIATELY LANCE CLIMBS THE TREE -



AND BEFORE THE ELEPHANT CAN PULL HIMSELF FREE, LANCE JUMPS ONTO HIS BROAD BACK!



PLUNGING THE KNIFE INTO THE VITAL SPOT BACK OF THE ANIMAL'S HEAD, LANCE STRIKES A DEATH BLOW.



GUESS THAT DOES THE TRICK!



AT THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT NADA CLIMBS DOWN THE TREE.

THANKS TO LANCE IT'S NOW SAFE TO COME DOWN!



COME ON, NADA. WE'LL GO BACK TO YOUR VILLAGE!



THAT ELEPHANT WILL SUPPLY US WITH MEAT FOR A LONG TIME -

LISTEN!



AS THEY APPROACH THE VILLAGE LANCE AND NADA HEAR A VOICE CRYING FOR HELP!

THIS WAY - RUN!



IN A CLEARING A MERU WARRIOR, WOUNDED IN THE CLASH WITH THE MAD ELEPHANT VAINLY TRIES TO KEEP OFF A HUNGRY HYENA /



A MINUTE LATER LANCE AND NADA COME UPON THE HORRIBLE SCENE.

IT'S - IT'S MY BROTHER!

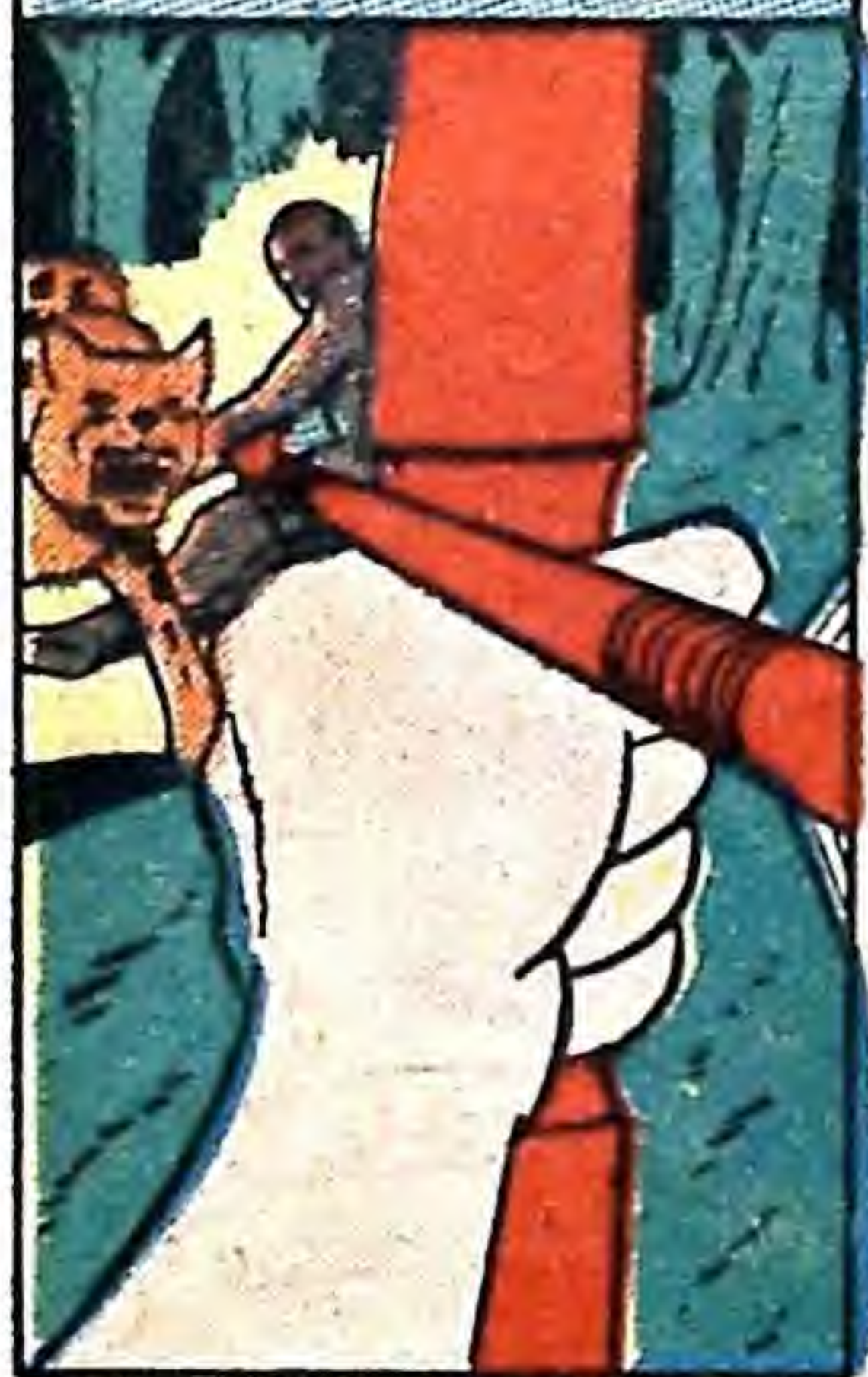


AS FAST AS POSSIBLE LANCE FITS AN ARROW IN HIS BOW-STRING.

QUICK - HE'S GOING TO BITE HIM!



CONFIDENTLY LANCE SIGHTS DOWN HIS ARROW AND AIMS AT THE ANIMAL'S HEAD -

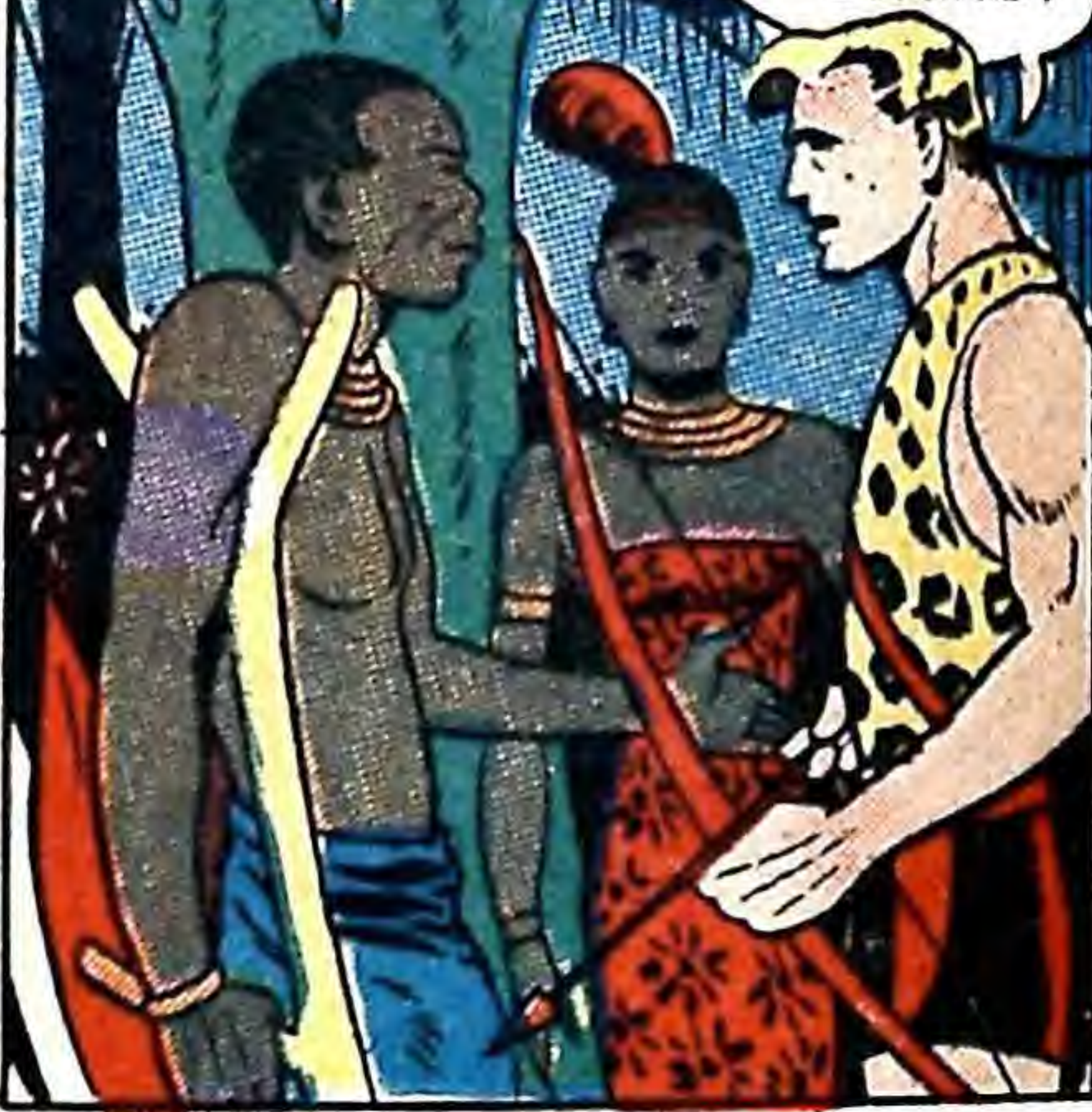


STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE CANINE'S GLEAMING EYES THE QUIVERING SHAFT STRIKES HOME!



THANKS, LANCE. I HOPE I CAN HELP YOU SOME DAY!

YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN DANGER IS GOING TO STRIKE!



BACK IN THE VILLAGE AFTER THE VICTORY CELEBRATION LANCE SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS AFRICAN NEIGHBORS.

COME BACK AGAIN, LANCE! DON'T WAIT FOR A TOM-TOM INVITATION!



IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SILVERSTREAK COMICS** LANCE GOES INTO BATTLE AGAINST A MAN-EATING CROCODILE OF THE CONGO !! WATCH FOR IT -



DICKIE-DEAN

THE BOY-INVENTOR

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! FROM THE FAMOUS LABORATORY OF DICKIE DEAN A MACHINE TAKES FORM WHICH IS SOON TO BE THE JEALOUS ENVY OF THE WARRING NATIONS





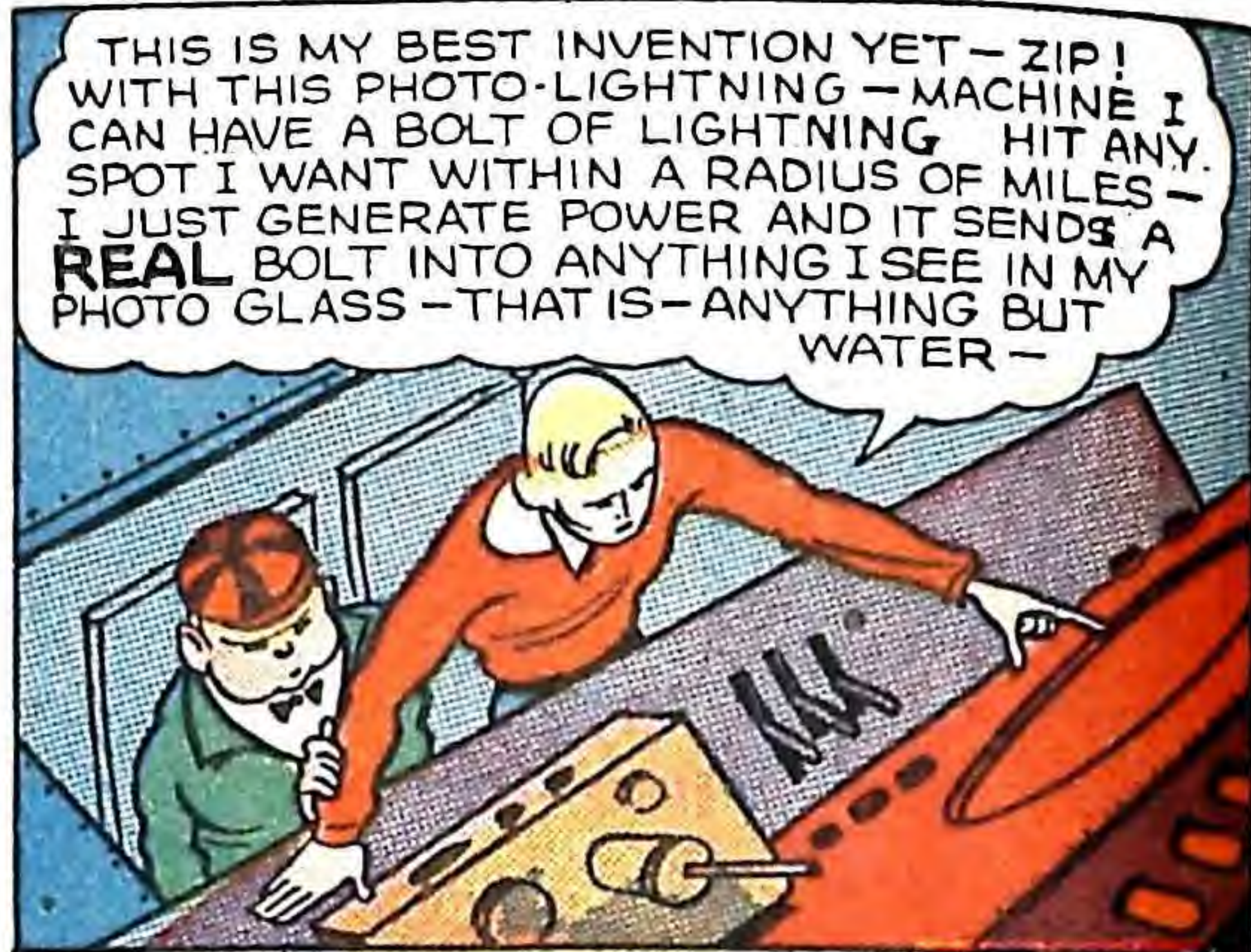
WHO DONE IT

LEMME AT 'EM



BUT ZIP - I DID IT!

UH? YOU?



THIS IS MY BEST INVENTION YET - ZIP! WITH THIS PHOTO-LIGHTNING - MACHINE I CAN HAVE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING HIT ANY SPOT I WANT WITHIN A RADIUS OF MILES - I JUST GENERATE POWER AND IT SENDS A **REAL** BOLT INTO ANYTHING I SEE IN MY PHOTO GLASS - THAT IS - ANYTHING BUT WATER -



JINKERS! BOY-O-BOY! WHEN WE GET THIS MACHINE PATENTED WILL WE GO TO TOWN - AYE DICKIE?

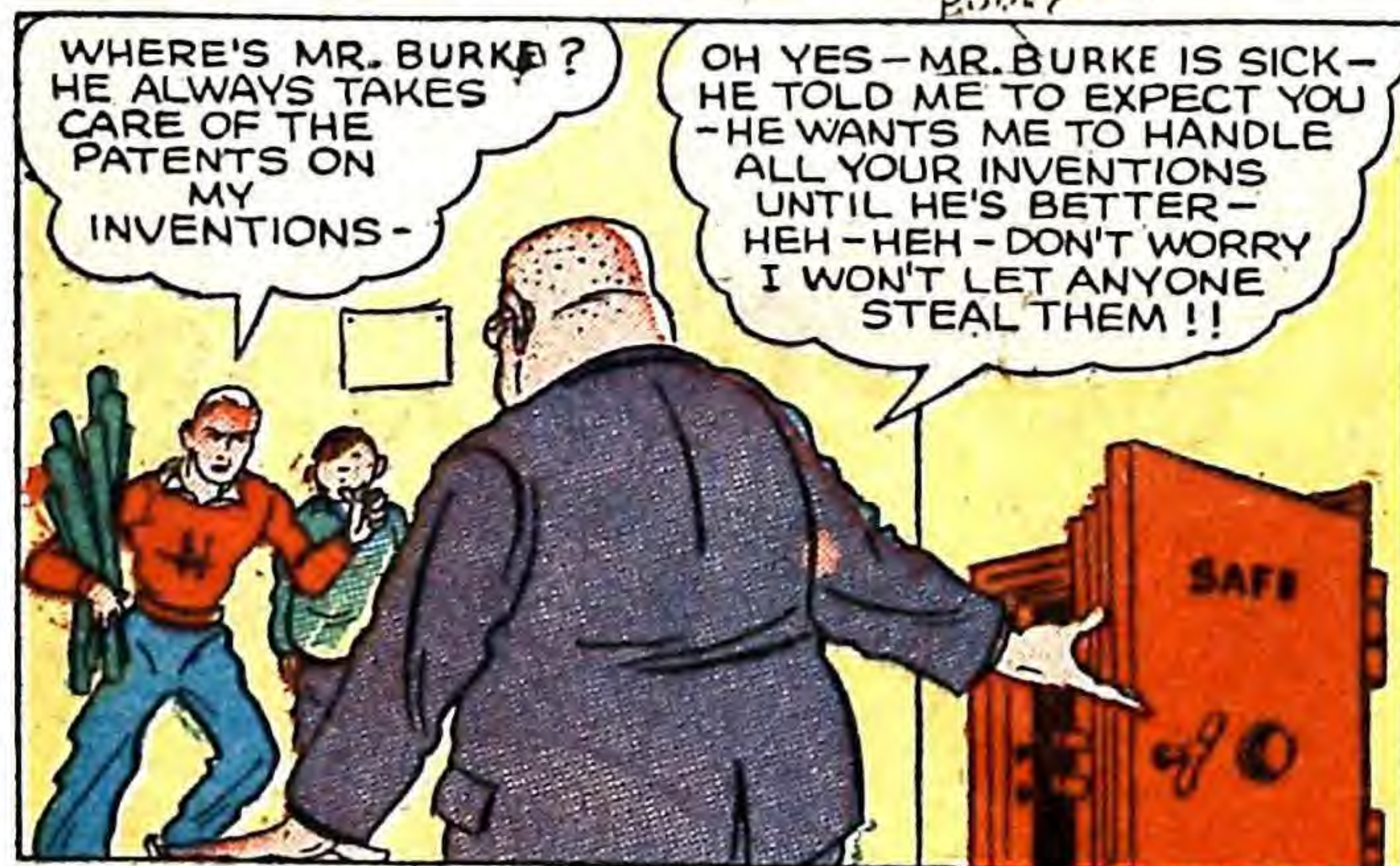
RIGHT! BUT I SURE WISH I COULD MAKE IT STRIKE IN WATER -

BUT IN THE LAW OFFICES OF KENT, BURKE AND ENDICOTT - DANGER LURKS - FOR PARTNER BURKE IS SICK AND A DEADLY FOREIGN AGENT HAS WIGGLED HIS WAY INTO THE FIRM - IT IS SLY MISTER WOLF!



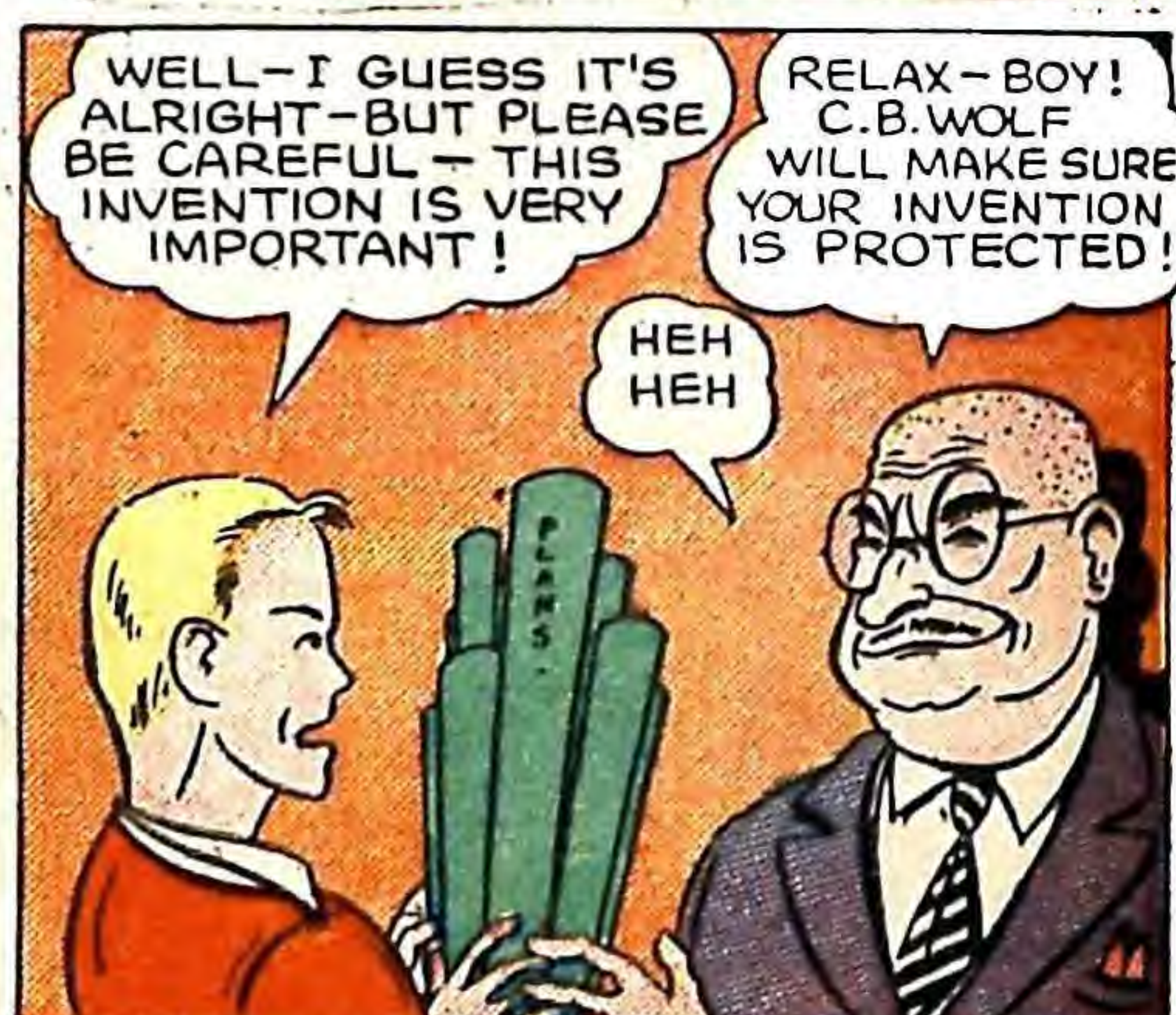
DICKIE DEAN WISHES TO SEE YOU - MR. WOLF -

HAR! AT LAST! - AND WITH ANOTHER INVENTION NO DOUBT - BUT THIS TIME -



WHERE'S MR. BURKE? HE ALWAYS TAKES CARE OF THE PATENTS ON MY INVENTIONS -

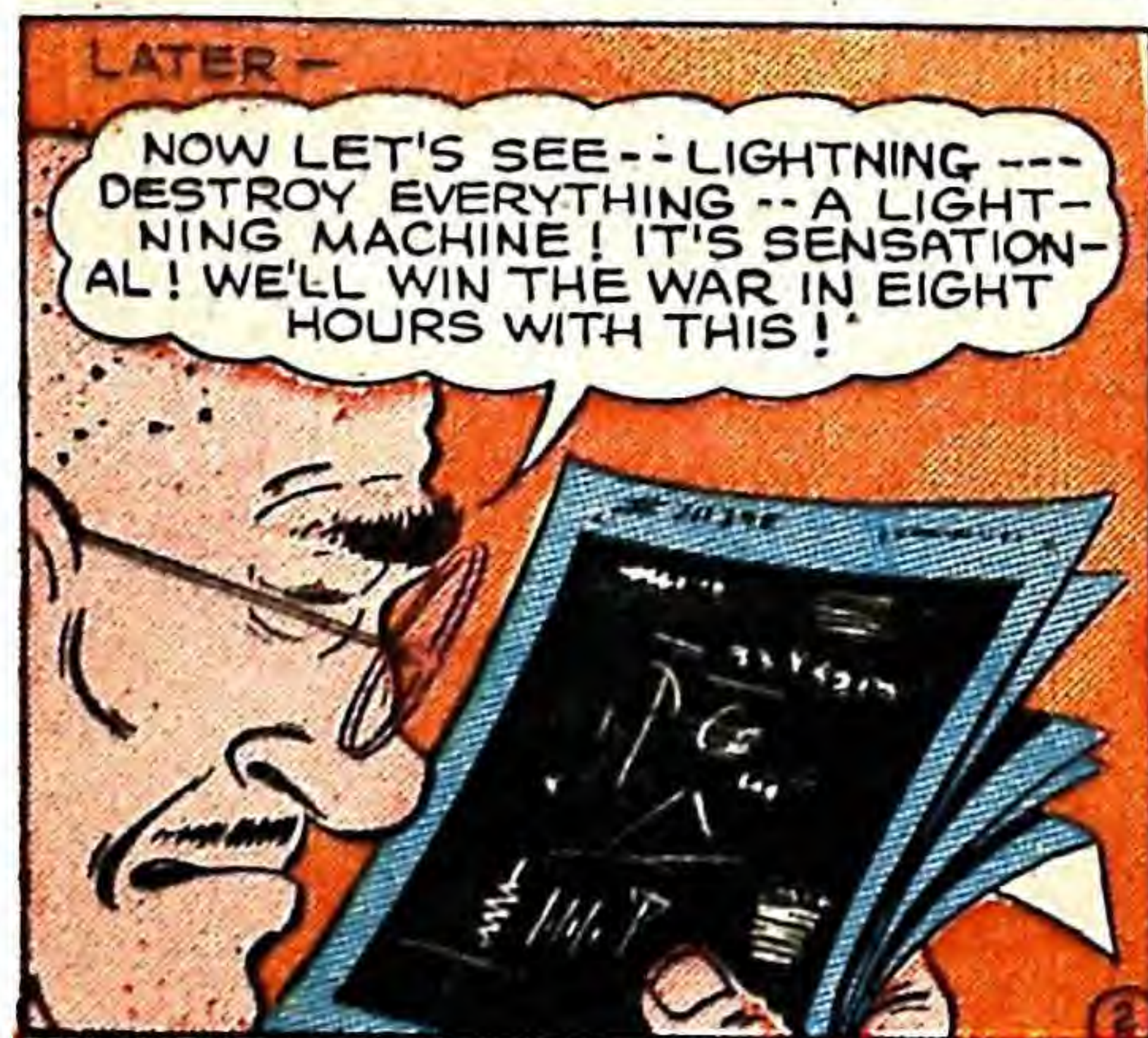
OH YES - MR. BURKE IS SICK - HE TOLD ME TO EXPECT YOU - HE WANTS ME TO HANDLE ALL YOUR INVENTIONS UNTIL HE'S BETTER - HEH - HEH - DON'T WORRY I WON'T LET ANYONE STEAL THEM!!



WELL - I GUESS IT'S ALRIGHT - BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL - THIS INVENTION IS VERY IMPORTANT!

RELAX - BOY! C.B. WOLF WILL MAKE SURE YOUR INVENTION IS PROTECTED!

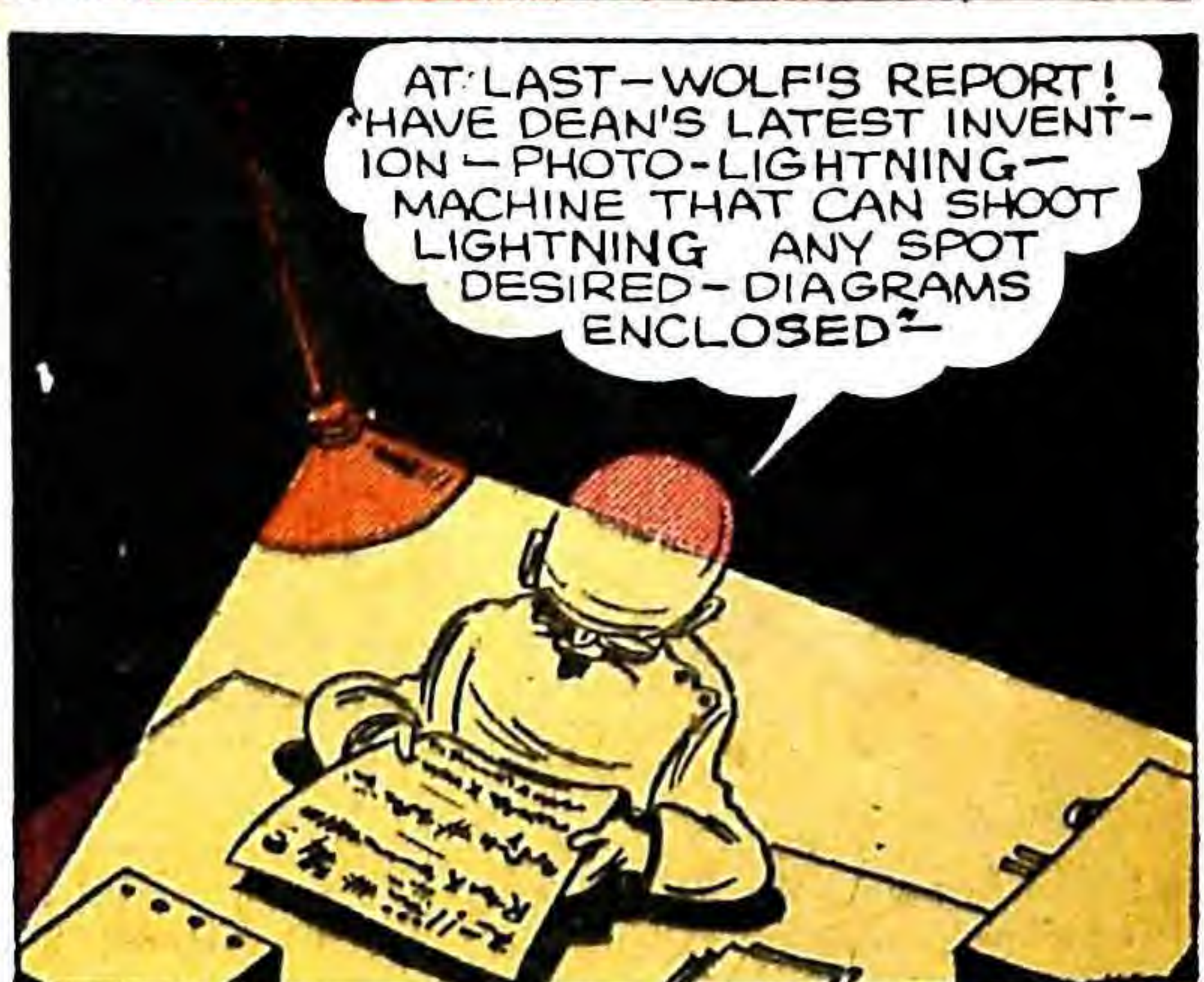
HEH HEH



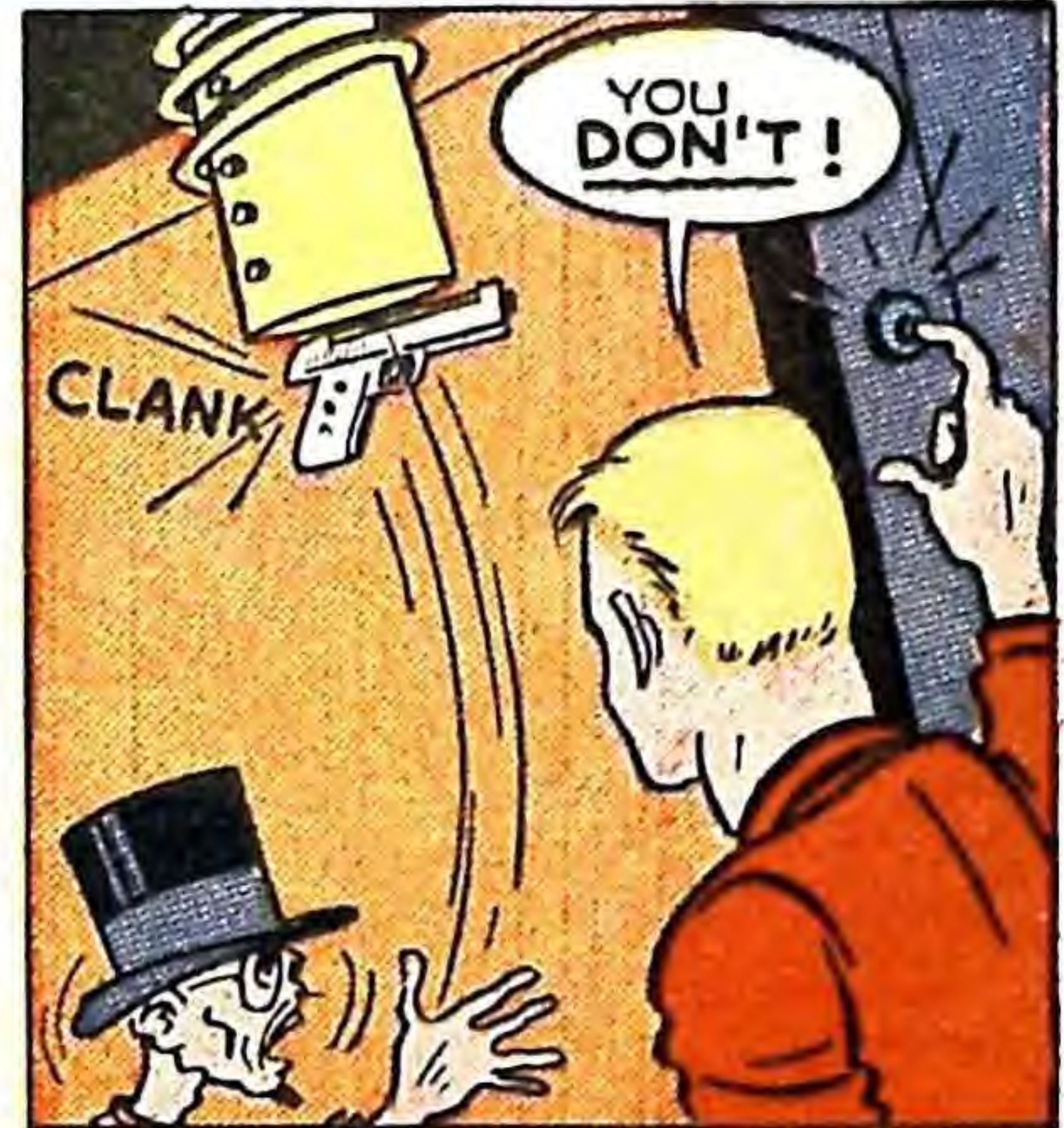
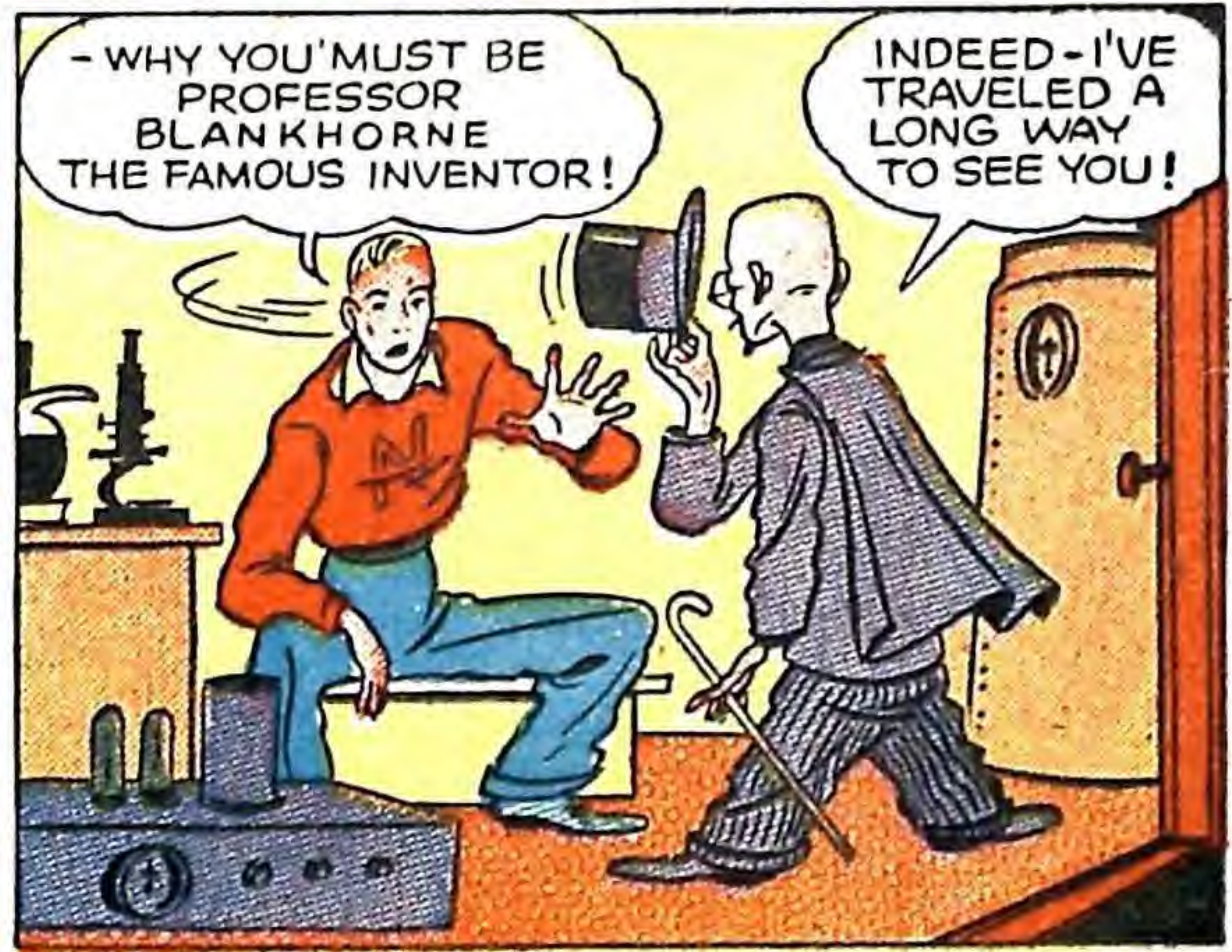
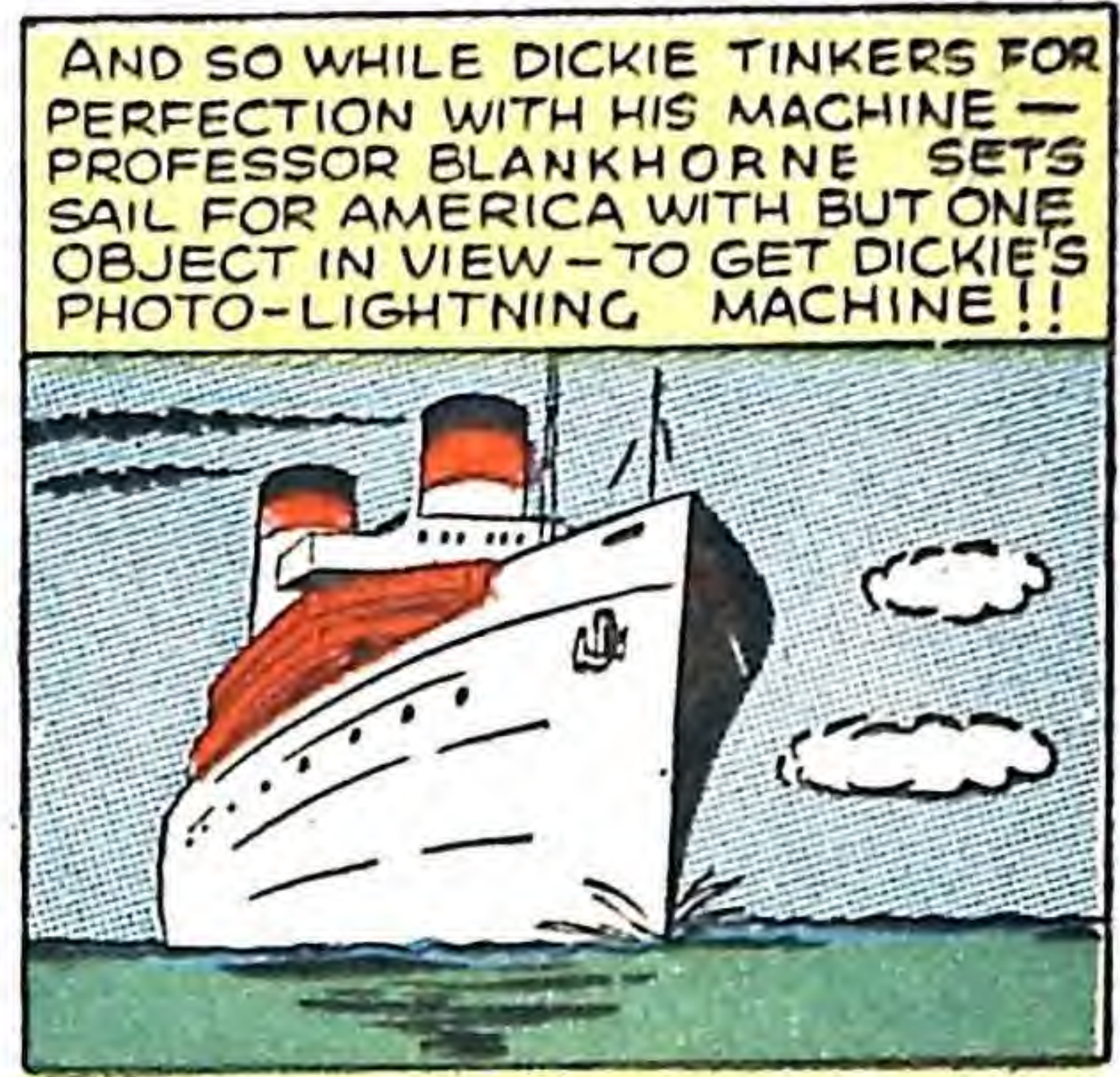
LATER -

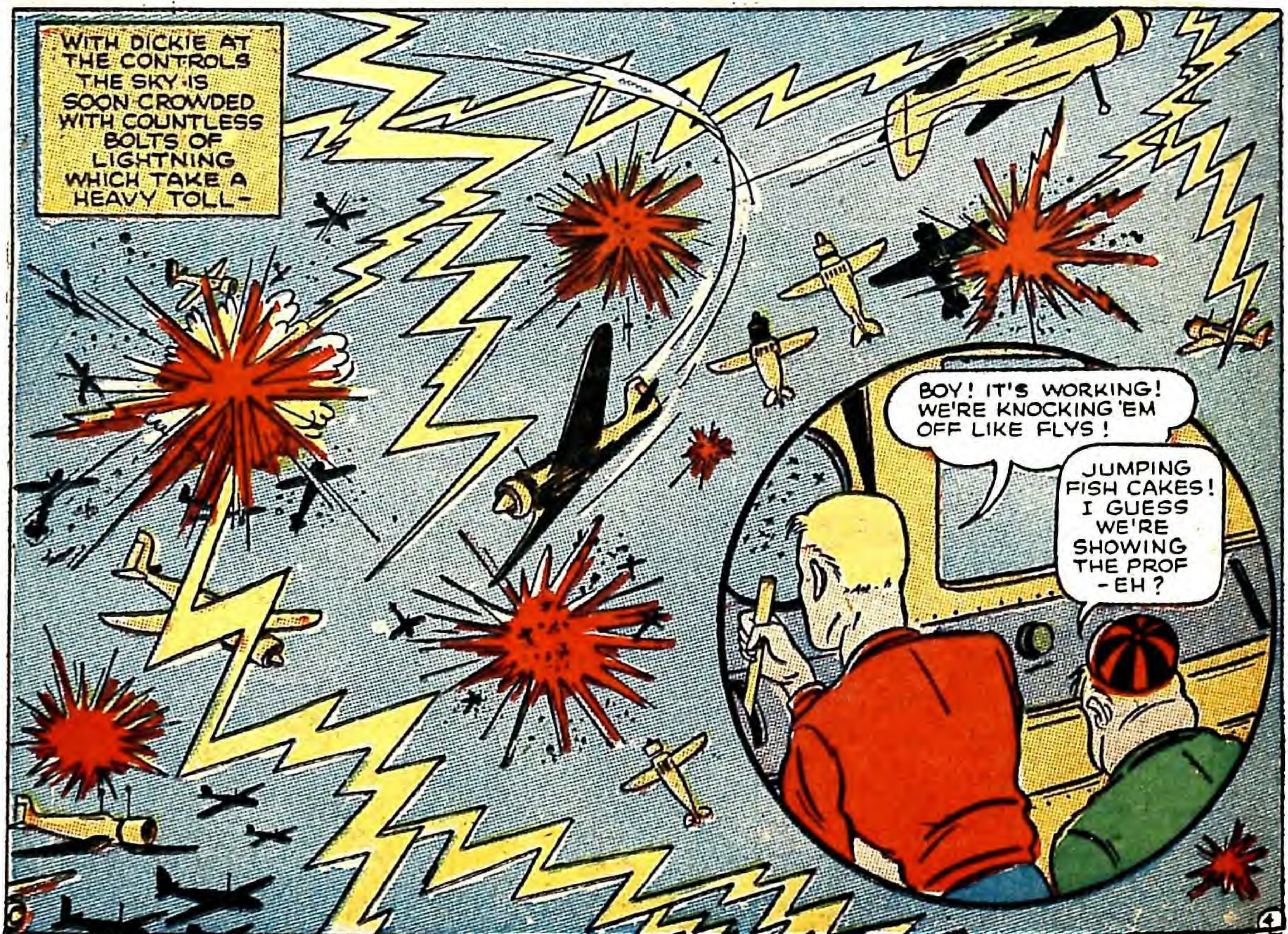
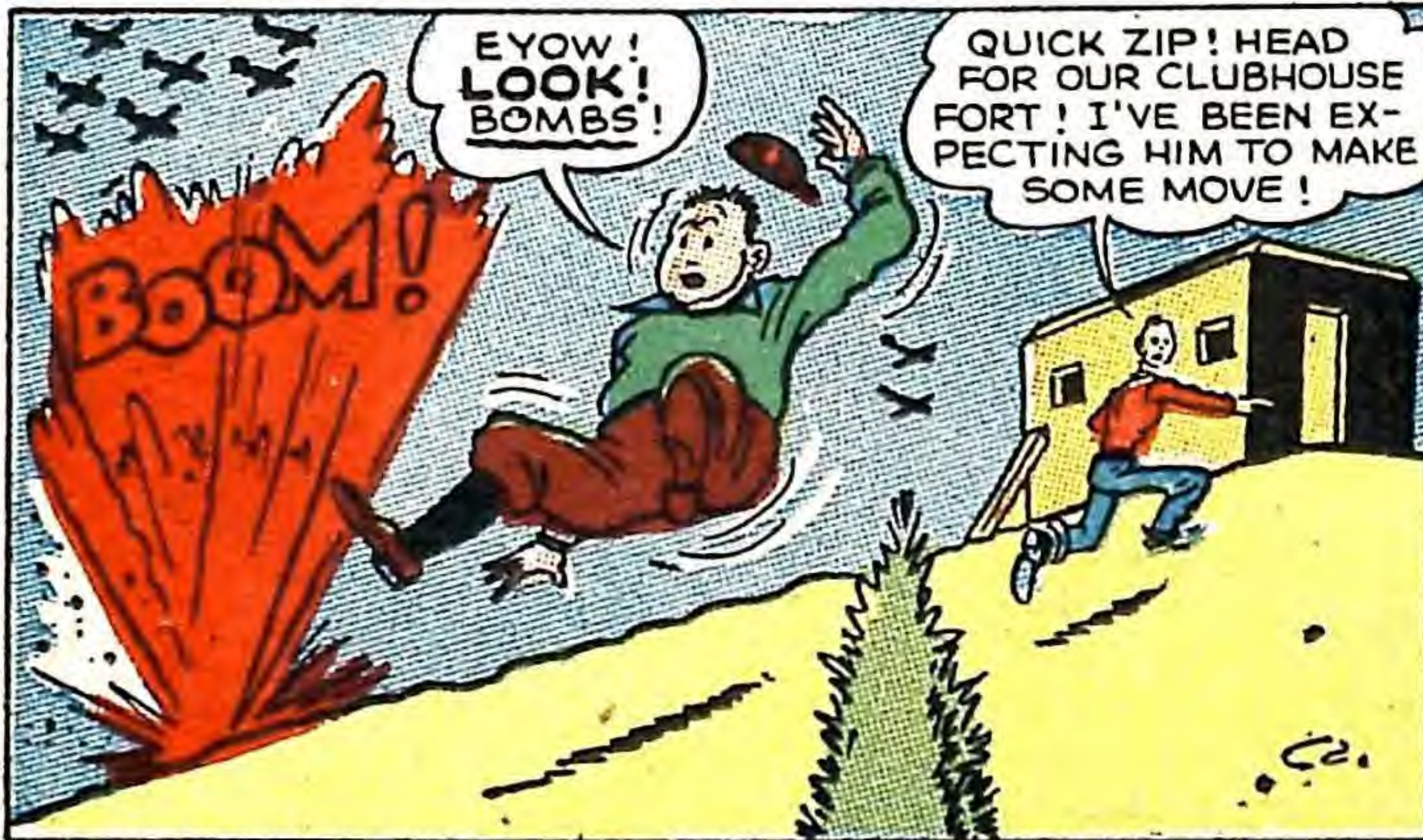
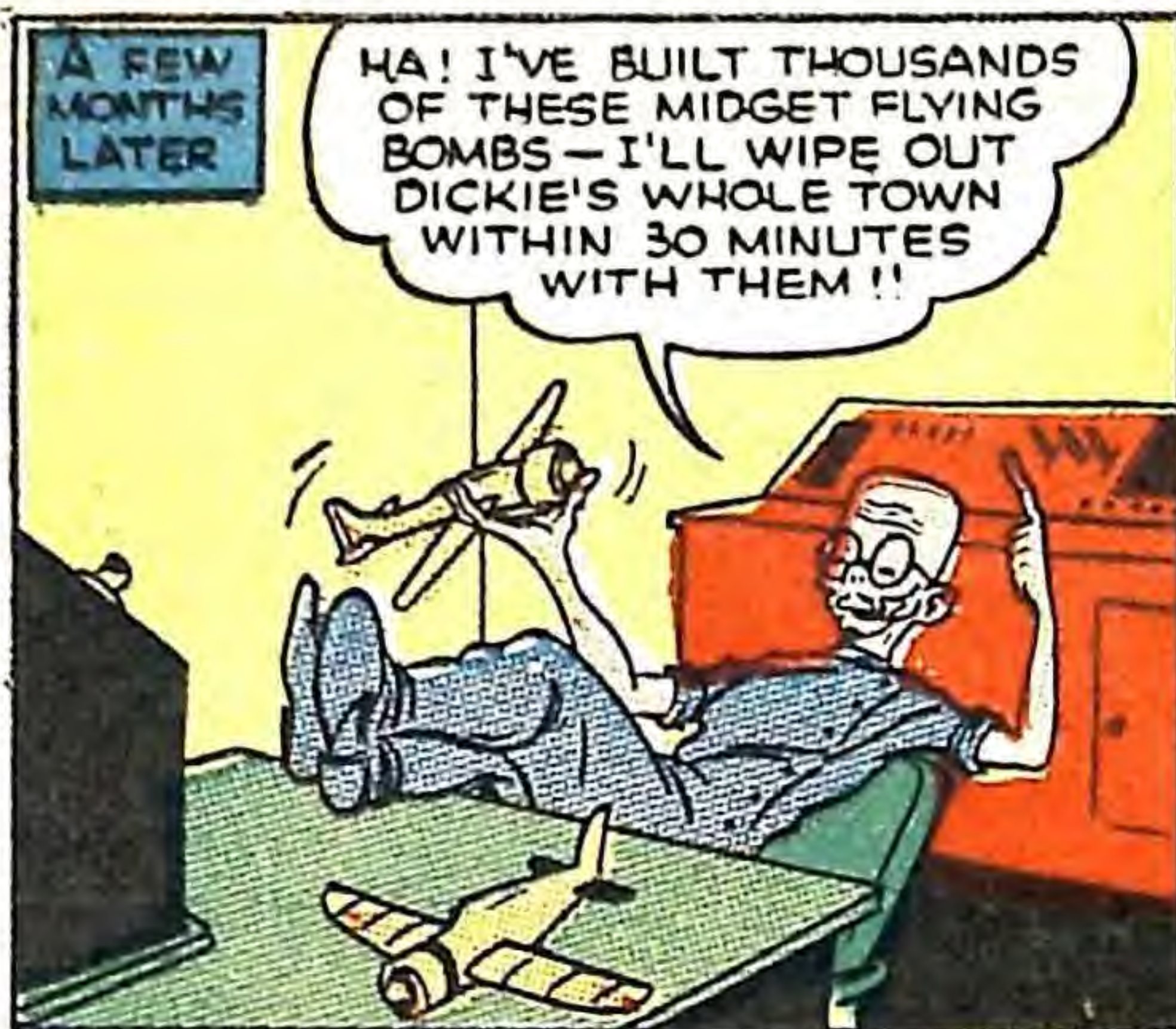
NOW LET'S SEE - LIGHTNING --- DESTROY EVERYTHING - A LIGHTNING MACHINE! IT'S SENSATIONAL! WE'LL WIN THE WAR IN EIGHT HOURS WITH THIS!

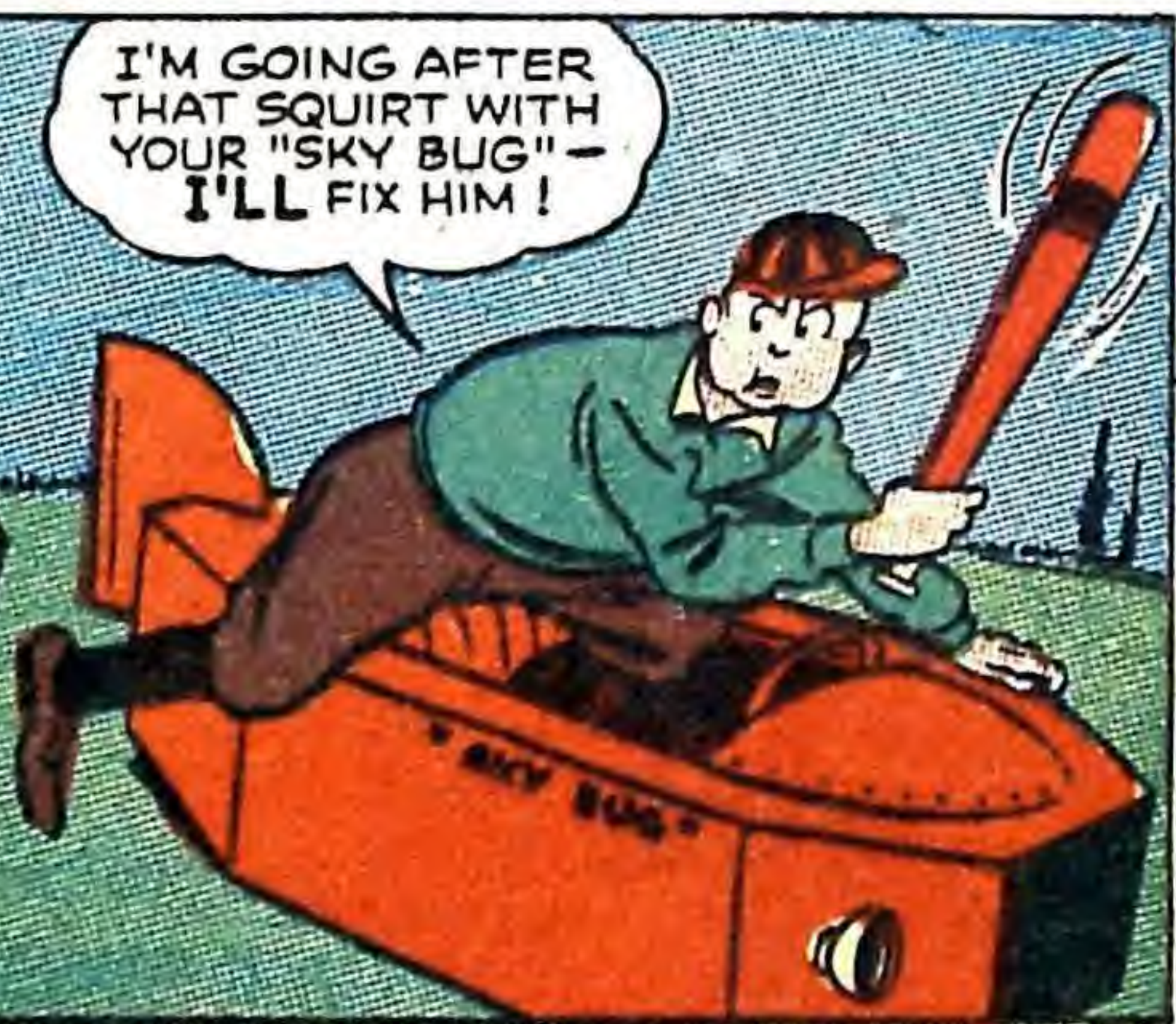
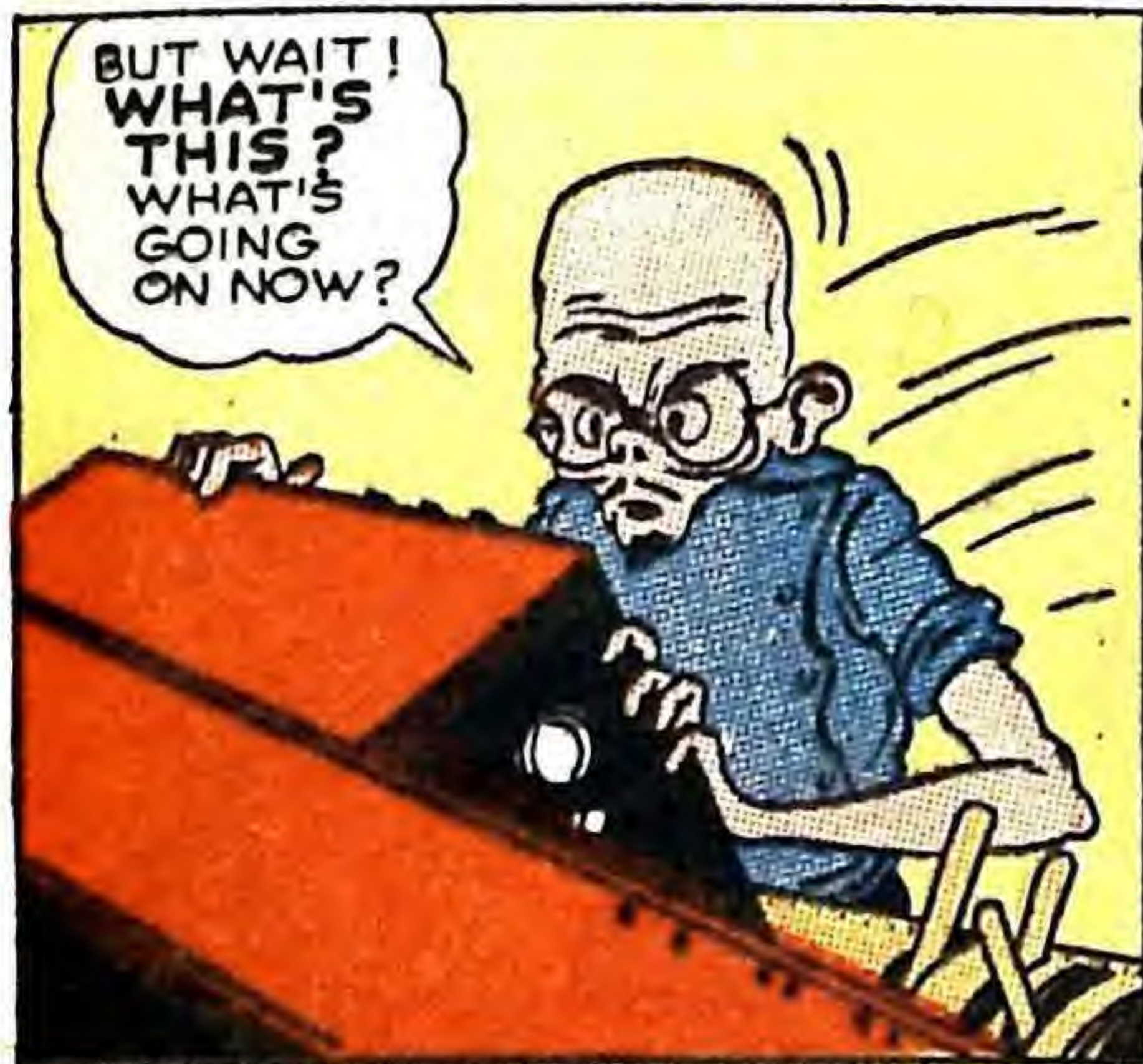
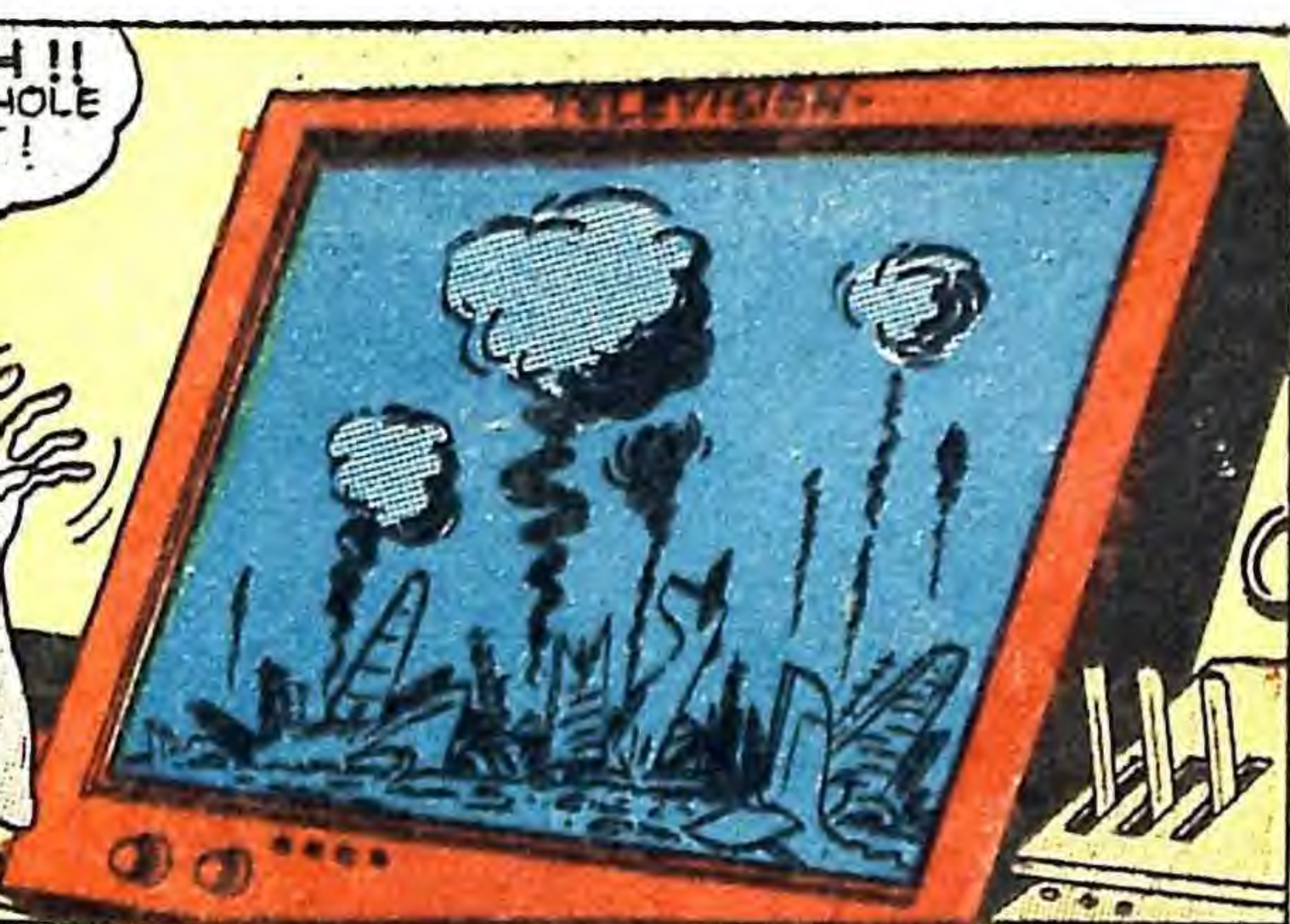
LATER IN THE HEART OF EUROPE A SCIENTIFIC BRAIN GIANT READS A CODED TELEGRAM WITH EASE - FOR THIS IS PROFESSOR BLANKHORNE - SECOND ONLY TO DICKIE IN THE INVENTING WORLD - WHO FOR MONTHS - HAS STRAINED HIS SUPER-MIND FOR NEW DEATH-DEALING INVENTIONS TO GIVE HIS WARRING NATION -



AT LAST - WOLF'S REPORT! HAVE DEAN'S LATEST INVENTION - PHOTO-LIGHTNING - MACHINE THAT CAN SHOOT LIGHTNING ANY SPOT DESIRED - DIAGRAMS ENCLOSED -







ZIP LANDS IN THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY

CRACK!

PULL ME IN
WITH YA
QUACK
INVENTIONS
WILL YA!

BOY! CAN I FIGHT!
WAIT'LL DICKIE
HEARS ABOUT
THIS!

YA-AA-A!

?

WHO - HOW -
WHERE'D
THAT
COME
FROM?

SPLASH!

WATER-

WHO
TURNED ON
MY
MECHANICAL
CLAW?

I DID - YOU LITTLE BOOB!
IF I HADN'T COME IN JUST
NOW HE WOULD HAVE
PULVERIZED YOU!

MISTER
WOLF!
OUR
LAWYER!

RUIN OUR SQUADRON -
WILL YOU! COOL OFF
IN THAT WATER -
WE'LL MAKE
FRANKFORTS
OUT OF YOU
LATER -

AN EVIL PLAN HAS
FORMED IN THE
PROFESSOR'S HEAD -

CALLING DICKIE DEAN!!!
CALLING DOPE DEAN! UN-
LESS I HAVE YOUR MACH-
INE BY NIGHTFALL ONE OF
YOUR FAT FRIENDS FINGERS
WILL REACH YOU IN THE
MAIL TOMORROW!!

DICKIE RECEIVES THE
TERRIFYING MESSAGE
IN HIS LABORATORY!!

THE FIEND!
HE'S GOT
ZIP!!!

BUT HOW DO
I KNOW YOU
REALLY HAVE
ZIP?

HEH - HEH!
YOU'LL
FIND OUT!

SPEAK -
FISH!

LISTEN - I'M IN A
GREAT BIG TANK OF
WATER,
DICKIE!
UP TO MY NECK
IN WATER!!
GET THE IDEA?



WOW! ZIP'S IN WATER - AND MY LIGHTNING WON'T STRIKE AN OBJECT IN WATER!

LET'S GO!



I CAN GET THE PROFESSOR'S LOCATION FROM HIS WAVE LENGTH!

THERE IT IS! A MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT!



SECONDS LATER A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES ONTO THE JAGGED WALLS OF THE MOUNTAIN!



AND PIERCES INTO THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY!

ZOUNDS!! HE'S TURNED HIS INFERNAL MACHINE ON ME! HE'LL KILL ALL OF US!!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! WHO'S THE FISH NOW! HA-HA!



THAT LAST BLAST SHOULD HAVE DONE THE TRICK! I ONLY HOPE ZIP WASN'T HURT ACCIDENTLY!

DICKIE LOADS HIS MACHINE INTO A TRUCK AND SPEEDS TOWARDS THE HIDE-OUT -



ZIP! ZIP! ARE YOU ALRIGHT!

QUICK DICKIE! NEVER MIND ME! THE PROFESSOR AND WOLF JUST CRAWLED OUT AND GOT AWAY IN OUR "SKY BUG"



IT'S ONLY MY DUTY TO FIX THOSE TWO FOR GOOD! HATE TO LOSE THE BUGGY THOUGH!



THE ESCAPE OF THE WOULD-BE THIEVES IS SHORT LIVED!!!



THEY'RE ALL TAKEN CARE OF - ZIP - BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU - MAYBE I SHOULD TEACH YOU A LESSON - AND MAKE YOU STAY THERE ALL NIGHT -

S'LONG -

AWK!



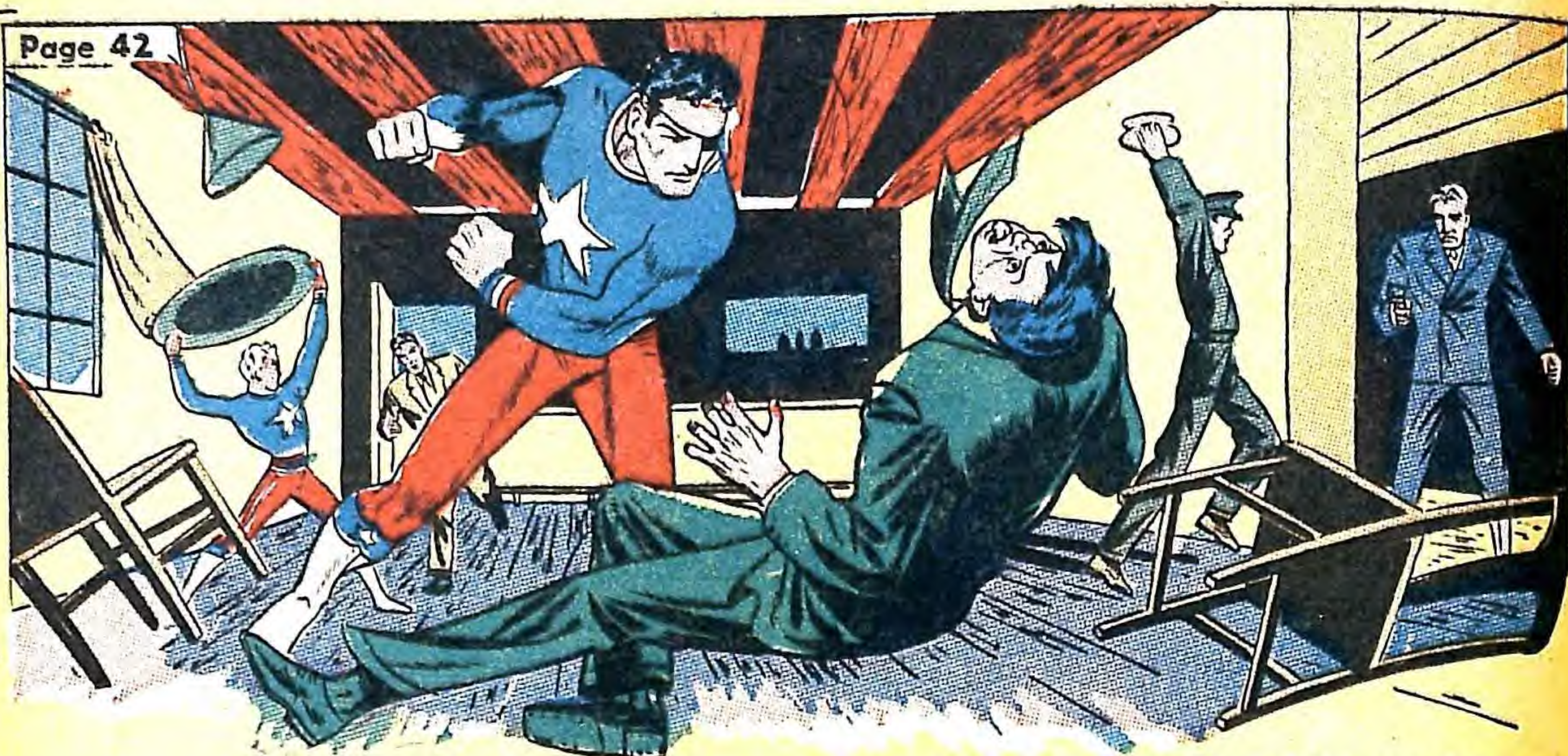
BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT - I'VE JUST GOTTEN A NEW IDEA FOR AN INVENTION AND I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!

HA-HA!

PHEW! WHAT'S A IDEA - TRYING TO SCARE ME LIKE THAT!

WHAT IS DICKIE'S NEW INVENTION? - IS PROFESSOR BLANKHORNE REALLY DEAD? YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE IN NEXT MONTH'S -

SILVER STREAK COMICS



CAPTAIN BATTLE in QUICK REVENGE

(Continued from Page 23)

lay several little piles of money. The croupier awaited the arrival of the newcomers, his hand poised over the wheel, ready to give it a spin. The soldier strode up to him, and before the bouncer could get into action, shoved his ten dollar bill under the nose of the surprised croupier. This functionary promptly changed it into ten one dollar bills, and the already-arisen bouncer again plumped back into his seat. The wheel spun. Captain Battle eyed it sharply. He thought he noticed something peculiar in its action—something regulated—something that altered its natural spin. Two more times the wheel was spun — and now the Captain was certain.

He reached over with lightning speed, and pulled the entire wheel out from its socket. The rudely disconnected electric wires went flying around like so many suddenly enlivened snakes, exposing the entire crooked setup of this "doctored" wheel. In almost the same movement, the Captain overturned the long roulette table, pinning the thunderstruck croupier to the floor. With a snarl of rage, the towering bully of a bouncer arose and lunged at Captain Battle. The Captain had been watching him out of the corner of his

eye, and let him have the entire roulette wheel smack in the face. A yell, as from some injured bear, a grunt, and the tremendous body of the bouncer sank to the filthy, sawdust-covered floor, completely out. Several of the regular hangers-on were now on their feet and faced Captain Battle in a belligerent attitude. The Captain did not wait for the fight to be brought to him. He had tasted first blood, and now was set for the kill. He sailed into that group of beer swillers, and promptly knocked any idea they may have harbored of taking an active part in this scrap, from their woozy heads.

At this point, a back door opened, and the owner of the dive stood framed in the doorway, carefully aiming an automatic at Captain Battle. The ex-soldier reached down and picked up one of the tall brass cuspidors. In another split second it was whizzing at the proprietor with the speed of a well directed bullet. It hit him full in the face, spattering its messy contents on all within reach. The Captain had followed up his forward pass, and was on the owner only a hair after the brass fitment. He knocked the still-unfired gun from the saloon man's hand, and grabbing him by the lapels of his coat, held him aloft against the wall, like he might have held a cat.

"How much did they take you for, Buddy?" questioned Captain Battle.

"They rolled me for thirty bucks," replied the

private.

"That makes thirty-three, with the money you just lost," crisply snapped the Captain. Turning to the dangling dive owner, he continued, "shell out thirty-three smackers, and make it snappy."

"Sure, Mister, Sure." agreed the saloon keeper, pulling out a fat roll of bills. "Only don't let's have any more trouble, eh? We're peaceful, law abiding citizens here."

"Why you rat," snarled Captain Battle. "This buddy o' mine may have to go to war so rats like you can stay in business, and what do you do? You cheat him out of his wages, and then throw him out." He set the drink vendor on his feet, snatched the thirty-three dollars away from him, and socked him a clout in the jaw that almost tore his head from his shoulders.

"Here's your money," said Captain Battle, handing the soldier twenty-three dollars, and pocketing the rest which repaid him for the money he had lent to the soldier. "And after this stay out of these rat holes." Captain Battle and the soldier were approaching the front of the saloon.

"I swear to you, I'll never—" began the soldier. A shot crashed reverberatingly into the saloon—the front swinging half-door flew open. A big bruiser went sprawling on his face—and hanging onto his legs with a do or die grip—was little Hale.

"I thought I told you to stay out of here," laughed Captain Battle, after the big bum had been set on his feet.

"This big lunk was getting set to shoot you, as

you came out, so I tripped him up," replied Hale.

"Good boy," smiled the Captain. "Just one minute. I have one more chore to do here, before we go."

He turned on the big palooka that had just sprawled in, and with the speed of a striking cobra, smashed him right between the eyes. With a half whine, half wail, the big brute crashed into a table, carrying it and its half-filled beer glasses with him to the floor.

"Now, I think we can go," announced the Captain as he and Hale, followed by the soldier, mumbling to himself, "What a guy. Gosh, what a guy," left the beer dive.

"You would have enjoyed the scrap, Hale." said the Captain when they had gone a block or so, after bidding the deeply-appreciative soldier goodbye.

"I did." Grinned Hale.

"You what?" asked Captain Battle, in surprise.

"Sure I saw the whole thing," smilingly confessed the boy. "I was peekin' through the door when that bruiser came along to shoot you. That's how I caught him." Captain Battle laughingly shook his head as they walked on. They continued in silence. When they had almost reached home, Hale suddenly said:

"I liked that basketball game a lot, Captain Battle, but gee gosh, it just ain't nothin' alongside o' you in action. Boy, oh Boy."

THE END



THUN-DOHR

by JEFF REYON

IN THE FARTHEST DEPTHS OF UNKNOWN TIBET... LEAGUE UPON LEAGUE BEYOND UNCLIMBABLE MOUNTAINS AND TIMELESS GLACIERS-LIES THE MYSTIC MONASTERY OF LHA-I-HA! HERE IN QUIET COURTS WHERE THE POWER AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES SLEEP SECURE-THUN-DOHR AMERICAN BORN LAMA, MAKES READY FOR A MIGHTY TASK!

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MONASTERY AT LHA-I-HA, A STRANGE SCENE IS ENACTED!

O, GOLDEN ONE THE SUMMONS HAS COME! THE DALAI LAMA AWAITS YOU !!!

STRANGE INDEED, FOR HERE IN THE VERY HEART OF TIBET STANDS A WHITE GIANT WHOSE BLONDE HAIR AND BLUE EYES SET HIM APART! HE IS THUN-DOHR !!!



THRU MASSIVE GATEWAYS, DOWN SHADOWY CORRIDORS FRAGRANT WITH BURNING INCENSE STRIDES THE WHITE GIANT UNTIL ...

...HE ENTERS, AND STANDS BEFORE AN ANCIENT DALAI LAMA WHO SITS AS HE HAS SAT FOR 300 YEARS ON A THRONE OF SOLID GOLD

THOU HAST SUMMONED ME, O WISE ONE ?!!



I HAVE TAUGHT YOU THE SECRETS OF THE ANCIENT LAMAS!! YOU HAVE ACHIEVED WHAT THE WORLD'S FINEST MINDS CLAIMED IMPOSSIBLE... COMPLETE MASTERY OF MIND OVER MATTER!! I AM PROUD OF YOU! FIRST I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU THE PAST, SO YOU CAN FACE THE FUTURE!!!



A SINGLE BLINDING FLASH TRANSFORMS THUN-DOHR AND THE AGED LAMA INTO ASTRAL BODIES... THEY HOVER IN SPACE BUOYED UP BY THEIR MYSTIC POWERS!

COME, THUN-DOHR, LET US GO BACK...



MANY YEARS AGO, A PARTY OF WHITE PEOPLE SET OUT TO FIND THE HOLY CITY OF LHA-I-HA... THAT THEY MIGHT TASTE THE WONDERS OF WHICH THEY HAD DREAMED. YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER WERE IN THAT PARTY...



THE OBSTACLES IN THEIR PATH PROVED INSURMOUNTABLE AND ONE BY ONE THE PARTY FELL...



YOUR MOTHER STRIPPED HER OWN THICK CLOTHING TO WRAP YOU... A BABE BUT THREE MONTHS OLD...

OH, MY POOR POOR CHILD! MAY HEAVEN PROTECT YOU!!

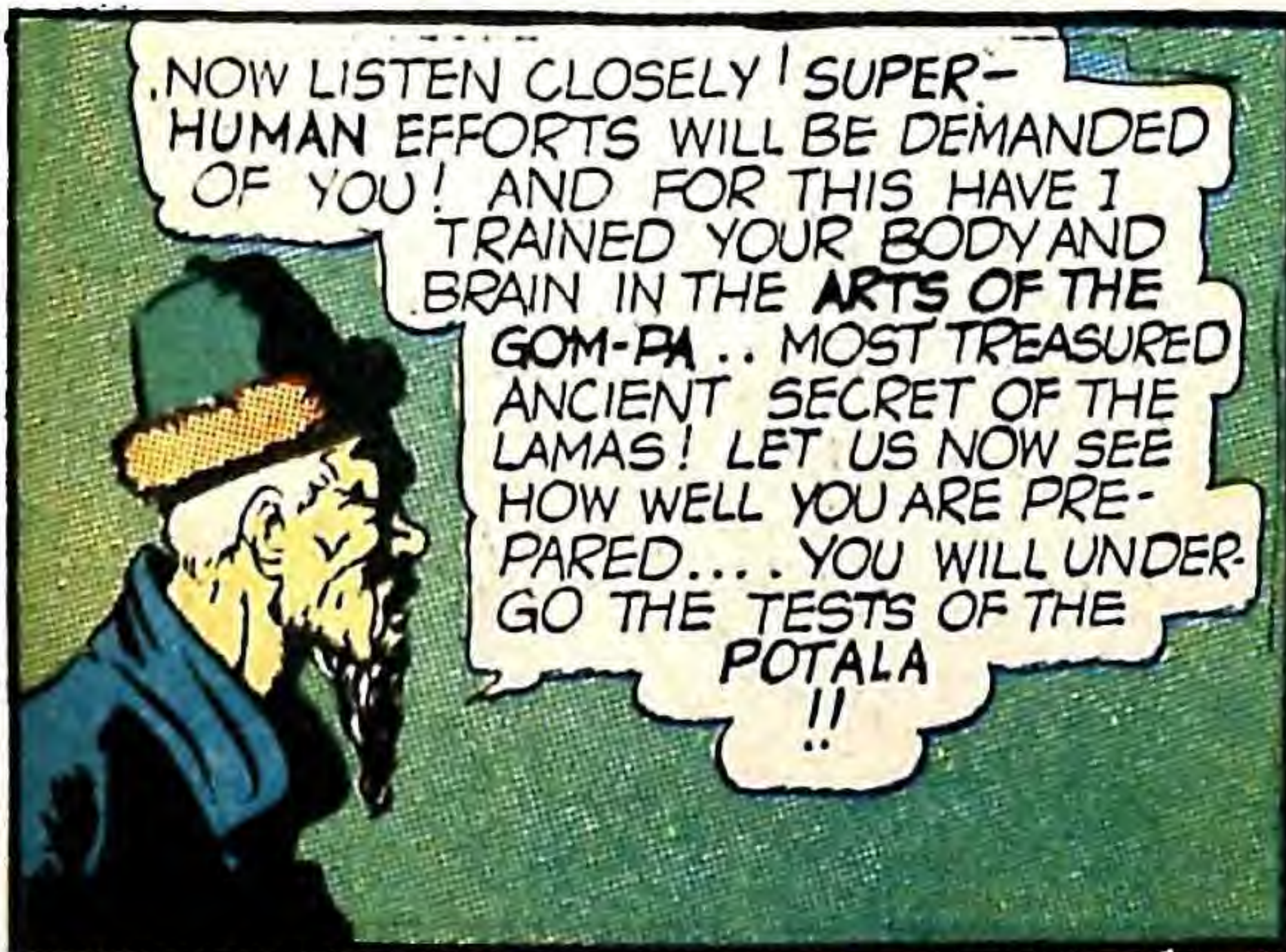


THUS, WHEN A RESCUE PARTY FOUND THEM ALL WERE DEAD BUT YOU! THEY BROUGHT YOU TO ME... FULFILLING THE ANCIENT PROPHECY WHICH FORETOLD YOUR COMING!

THE MIRACLE HAS BEEN WROUGHT!!!



NOW LISTEN CLOSELY! SUPER-HUMAN EFFORTS WILL BE DEMANDED OF YOU! AND FOR THIS HAVE I TRAINED YOUR BODY AND BRAIN IN THE ARTS OF THE GOM-PA... MOST TREASURED ANCIENT SECRET OF THE LAMAS! LET US NOW SEE HOW WELL YOU ARE PREPARED.... YOU WILL UNDERGO THE TESTS OF THE POTALA!!



I AM READY!!!

LET US THEN PROCEED WITH THE FIRST TEST! COMMAND YOURSELF TO BE INVISIBLE!!!



AT THE WORD THUN-DOHR FLINGS THE FULL FORCE OF HIS INCREDIBLE WILL INTO ACTION !! IN A FLAMING FLASH HE DISAPPEARS !!



NO SOUND, NOT A SINGLE MOVEMENT, BUT ONE SECOND LATER THUN-DOHR IS HIGH IN THE ICY AIR ATOP A MOUNTAIN PEAK! AT A COMMAND FROM THE LAMA, HE SPEAKS...

I SEE MOUNTAINS, ENDLESS. MOUNTAINS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN REACH! NEITHER MAN, BIRD, NOR ANIMAL IS VISIBLE!



COME BACK THUN-DOHR! COME BACK !!!



SPEEDIER THAN LIGHT, THUN-DOHR RETURNS TO THE TEMPLE CHAMBER OF THE DALAI LAMA, READY FOR THE NEXT TEST!

LET US GO AT ONCE TO THE NEXT PHASE! LET US SEE HOW YOU CAN RESIST THE FORCES OF NATURE! FIRST FIRE ... READY !!



HUNGRY FLAMES LICK AT HIS BODY, YET... THUN-DOHR IS UN-SCATHED



THE FLAME TEST OVER, THUN-DOHR IS SEALED IN ICE



THEN AT LAST... THE FINAL TEST !! SEALED IN A VACUUM, ENTIRELY DEVOID OF LIFE GIVING OXYGEN, THUN-DOHR STANDS UN-HARMED IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION



THE TESTS ARE OVER AS RAPIDLY AS THEY BEGAN, THUN-DOHR ONCE AGAIN IS WITH THE ANCIENT LAMA!



YOU HAVE DONE WELL MY SON. NOW TAKE THIS... WEAR IT ALWAYS ON YOUR WRIST, FOR THEN WE TWO ARE BOUND TOGETHER WITH BONDS OF STEEL! TOGETHER WE CAN ACCOMPLISH

THINGS WE COULD NOT DO ALONE !!!



HANDING THUN-DOHR A BRACELET, CURIOUSLY WROUGHT FROM SOLID GOLD, THE ANCIENT LAMA GIVES HIS PUPIL ASTRAL RECEPTION OF HIS OWN ADVICE! FOR THE STRANGE ORNAMENTS CENTER HOLDS THE MYSTIC SCROLL OF THE LAMAS



ALSO MY SON, I HAVE TAUGHT YOU YOUR NATIVE TONGUE AND MADE YOU WISE IN THE WAYS OF THE WEST! YOU HOLD THE WISDOM OF THE EAST AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WEST!



THE QUIET CONFERENCE IS BROKEN SUDDENLY BY A FRANTIC MESSENGER



OH MASTER-MASTER! THE SARCOPHAGUS CONTAINING PANDORA'S BOX IS GONE!! --- STOLEN!!

AT THAT VERY INSTANT A THOUSAND LEAGUES DISTANT --- THE SEVEN LOCKS BINDING PANDORA'S BOX ARE SMASHED APART UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE EVIL SIN KHAI, OUTCAST LAMA



MAKE HASTE, VILE SLOTHS... BEFORE THE DREAD POWERS OF THE DALAI LAMA FALL UPON US!!

BUT MASTER... THIS IS THE BOX OF PANDORA! SHE OPENED IT ONCE AND THE WORLD WAS CURSED MOST SORELY. IF IT SHOULD BE OPENED AGAIN... --!!



EXACTLY! THAT IS MY INTENTION! TO UNLEASH ONE BY ONE, TWICE TEN THOUSAND HORRORS TO SMITE MINE ANCIENT ENEMY --- MANKIND!!

THE POWERS OF THE DALAI LAMA FOCUS THE FACE OF SIN KHAI UPON THE WALL -- AS UP ON A TELEVISION SCREEN! GOOD AND EVIL CHALLENGE EACH OTHER TO MORTAL COMBAT



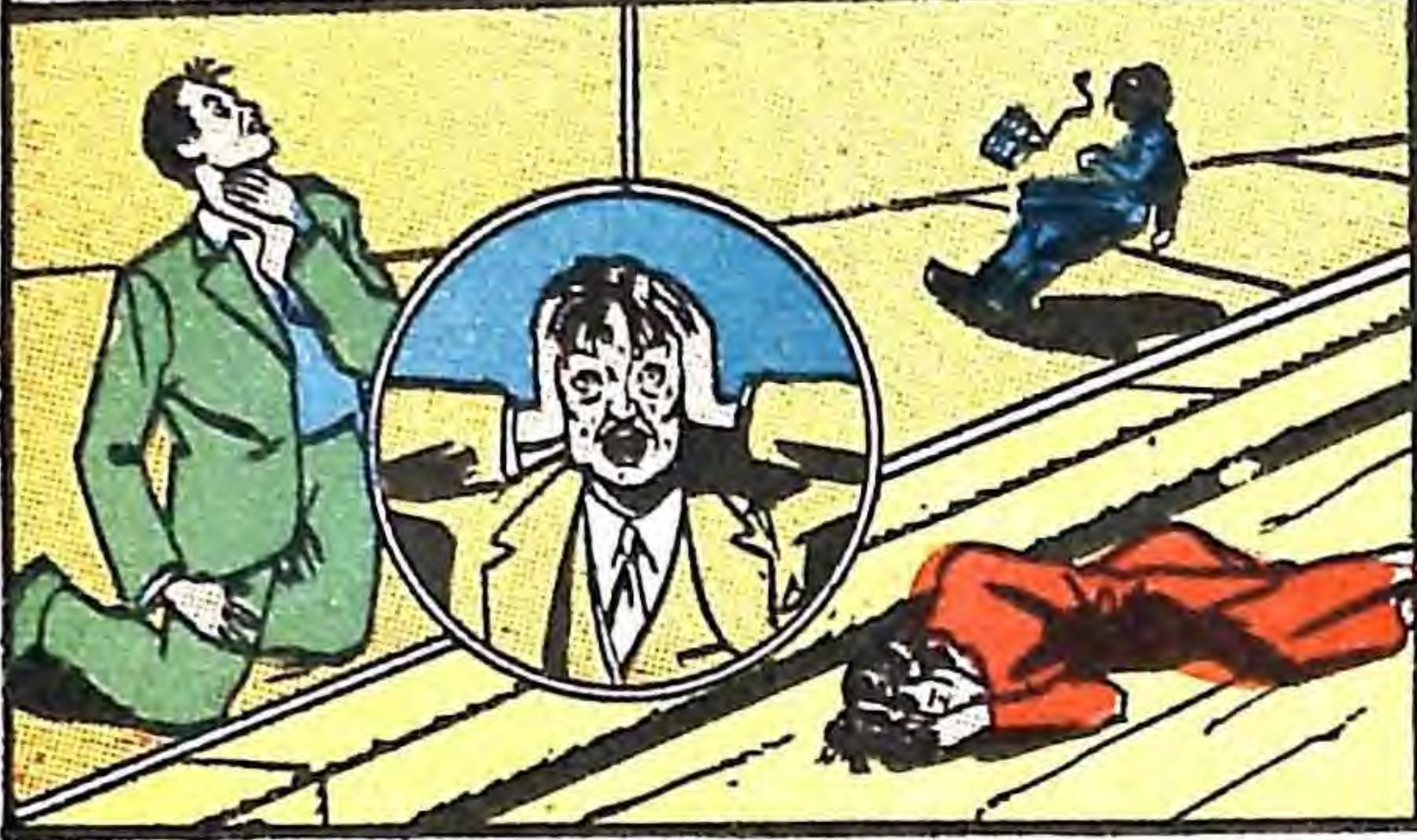
I WILL FIGHT YOU SIN KHAI!

I SHALL FIGHT YOUR EVIL!



YOU FLUNG ME FROM THE MONASTERY... NOW DEATHLY REVENGE IS MINE! I WILL LOOSE ONE BY ONE UPON THE WORLD... PLAGUES AND CURSES, HATE AND LUST AND MADNESS!! AND THE CURSE CARRIER SHALL CHOOSE ONE MAN... INFECT HIM SO THAT HE FINISHES MY TASK!!

FIRST ON SIN-KHAI'S PROGRAM, THE BLACK MADNESS - BORN IN THE STING OF IT'S TERRIBLE CARRIER INSECT - STRIKES THE WORLD



MY SON YOUR GREAT TASK HAS BEGUN! SEEK OUT DR. BENSON BELL, THE ONE MAN WHO CAN SAVE HUMANITY! YOU WILL FIND HIM IN YOUR NATIVE LAND! WORK WITH HIM!!



I WILL DO IT, OH MASTER!!

IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. BENSON BELL

WE'VE GOT IT, CLAVELL! THIS RADIO-SERUM, DIRECTED FROM A LEADEN ENCASED CHAMBER WILL CURE THE PEOPLE IN TIME!!!



BUT THE DEADLY DISEASE CARRIER STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF IT'S ENEMY.



THE DOOM-LADEN INSECT ALIGHTS UPON THE EAR OF BENSON'S ASSISTANT, CLAVELL

THE DEADLY DISEASE CARRIER HAS FOUND IT'S FINAL GOAL - AFTER INFECTING THE WORLD -- A DOCTOR WHO CAN BE MADE TO KILL --- NOT CURE



SAFE WITH HIS LOOT, THE INFAMOUS CLAVELL PLANS WORLD BLACKMAIL - BY WITH-HOLDING THE LIFE-SAVING SERUM. HE MEETS WITH SOME UNDERWORLD FRIENDS



AND AT THAT MOMENT, GUIDED BY THE POWER OF HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, THUN-DOHR SPEEDS THROUGH THE AIR --- TOWARD A MYSTERIOUS DESTINATION



JUST AS MY MIND SAW IT! THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE SAVED THE WORLD --- DEAD!

DR. BENSON BELL'S LABORATORY !!

RAISING THE DEAD MAN'S HEAD THUN-DOHR BRINGS HIS GREAT POWERS OF CONCENTRATION INTO EFFECT AS HE GAZES INTENTLY INTO DR. BELL'S EYES

MIRRORED IN THE IRIS OF THE SLAIN MAN'S EYE, THUN-DOHR RECAPTURES THE IMAGE OF THE VILE CLAVELL!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT POLICE BURST INTO THE LABORATORY

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?! PUT 'EM UP!

HE'S KILLED THE DOC !!

THUN-DOHR WHEELS SUDDENLY, HIS MIND SUPER-SENSITIVE TO RADIO WAVES, HE FEELS THE STRANGE MESSAGE WHICH CLAVELL SENDS CUTTING IN ON REGULAR BROADCASTING CHANNELS!

AND I HOLD THE SERUM WHICH CAN HEAL THE SICK! BUT MY PRICE IS --- THAT I SHALL BE... EMPEROR OF THE EARTH!

CALLING UPON HIS POWERS, THUN-DOHR LEAPS INTO COSMIC SPACE!

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY HE'S DISAPPEARED!!

POP!

ON THE WINGS OF THE RADIO WAVES, THUN-DOHR SWEEPS TOWARD THE DATE WITH THE WORLD'S ARCH ENEMY

SWIFTLY THE RADIO WAVE BRINGS HIM TO HIS DESTINATION!

JUST A MINUTE!

WH-WHO IS THIS GUY?!

HOW SHOULD I KNOW! GET HIM ANYWAY !!!

WAVES OF STUPENDOUS MIND FORCE SPRINGING FROM THE TIBETAN MYSTIC'S FINGER-TIPS FREEZE THE GANGSTER WHERE HE STANDS



AND IN THE SAME MOTION, SUSPENDS ANOTHER GANGSTER'S GUN IN MID-AIR, WHERE IT EXPLODES HARMLESSLY!

BAM BAM BAM!



AND THE LAST THUG SEES NO LESS THAN FOUR AVENGERS, AS THUN-DOHR SEEMS TO BE IN FOUR PLACES AT ONCE!!



SUBDUED BY THUN-DOHR, THE THREE MEN ARE MADE MOTIONLESS AS BLOCKS OF STONE!



FACED BY A MAN WHOSE BODY IS SHIELDED BY LEAD AND RUBBER THUN-DOHR'S MIND FORCE FAILS FOR THE FIRST TIME



NO I WON'T HIT YOU ANYMORE! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE POLICE - BUT BEFORE I DO I WANT YOU AND ALL LIKE YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT BLACKMAIL HUMANITY AND - GET AWAY WITH IT!



THAT NIGHT THUN-DOHR RECEIVES A WARNING!!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL MY SON! -- I AM MOST PLEASED BUT YOUR TASK IS NOT YET ENDED! BEWARE THE EVILS OF SIN-KHAI --- REMEMBER THAT PANDORA'S BOX HOLD THE SEEDS OF MURDER GREED HATE!

I HAVE SEEN THE DEFEAT! BUT MY BRAIN WEAVES MORE CUNNING PLANS! THE BOX OF PANDORA HAS MORE ILLS IN STORE FOR THE WORLD

LET US SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE OPEN IT AGAIN!!



THE POWER BEHIND THE WORLD'S EVIL... SIN-KHAI... IS NOT BEATEN YET...

PRESTO MARTIN

The
Riddle
of the
Missing
Bullet?

QUICK
CHANGE
DETECTIVE!

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES IT HAS BEEN THE AIM AND AMBITION OF EVERY CRIMINAL TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME..... WHEN MIRTH LED TO MURDER..... AND THE CRIME WITHOUT A CLUE OCCURRED - IT WAS THEN THAT PRESTO MARTIN, MASTER OF QUICK DISGUISE AND ACE CAPTAIN OF MANHATTAN'S DETECTIVES, STEPPED FORTH TO SOLVE THE MOST BAFFLING, UNCANNY CRIME EVER..... AND SO THERE CAME TO BE --- "THE RIDDLE OF THE MISSING BULLET."

BY

BOB
WOOD

GOSH MURPHY! THINGS SURE ARE DULL THESE DAYS, GUESS I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THAT, THOUGH—

YOU'RE ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT WORK, PRESTO, DON'T FORGET, WE HAVE TICKETS FOR THE FIGHT TONIGHT.

PRESTO!
PRESTO!

TONI BILLUPS, OF ALL PEOPLE—HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN MONTHS—THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT IN HOLLYWOOD.

I WAS, PRESTO—STARRED IN TWO PICTURES OUT THERE—BUT GUESS I JUST DIDN'T CLICK—I'M NOT SORRY, THOUGH—BEING IN THE MOVIES ISN'T WHAT IT'S COOKED UP TO BE.

PRESTO AND HIS COMBINATION SIDE-KICK, ASSISTANT AND STOOGES, SERGEANT MURPHY ARE STROLLING DOWN BROADWAY ONE DAY—WHEN.....

SORRY—I'D LOVE TO HAVE DINNER WITH YOU, BUT MUST GET HOME—FATHER HASN'T BEEN WELL LATELY—KEEPS HAVING THESE AWFUL DREAMS—HE'S EXPECTING ME!

WAIT! TONI, WE HAVE A COUPLE OF HOURS TO KILL—MY CAR'S RIGHT HERE—WHY NOT LET US DRIVE YOU HOME?

IT'LL BE A LITTLE CROWDED WITH YOU IN FRONT, MURPHY, BETTER SIT IN THE RUMBLE!

O'KAY, PRESTO, I DON'T MIND THAT—BUT DON'T FORGET THAT WE HAVE A FIGHT TO GO TO TONIGHT—JUST, DON'T GET ANY FLAT TIRES OR ANYTHING ON THE WAY----

I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR FATHER'S NOT FEELING WELL, TONI—

I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, PRESTO—HE KEEPS COMPLAINING OF HAVING THESE AWFUL DREAMS—NIGHTMARES—SAYS HE HAS A PREMONITION SOME-ONES GOING TO MURDER HIM—

YOU MUST COME IN AND SAY HELLO TO DAD, PRESTO, HE'LL BE TICKLED TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

---AND THIS IS SERGEANT MURPHY, DAD.

GLAD TO MEET YOU--AND PRESTO--GOSH!--IT'S NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN!

HOWDY!

REALLY, PRESTO—I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU STAY FOR DINNER.

I'D LIKE TO, TONI—BUT WE REALLY MUST GET BACK TO THE CITY!

I'LL GET THE CAR STARTED, PRESTO—SEE YOU OUTSIDE--

LATER

BYE, NOW!

SO LONG, TONI, CALL YOU IN A DAY OR SO!

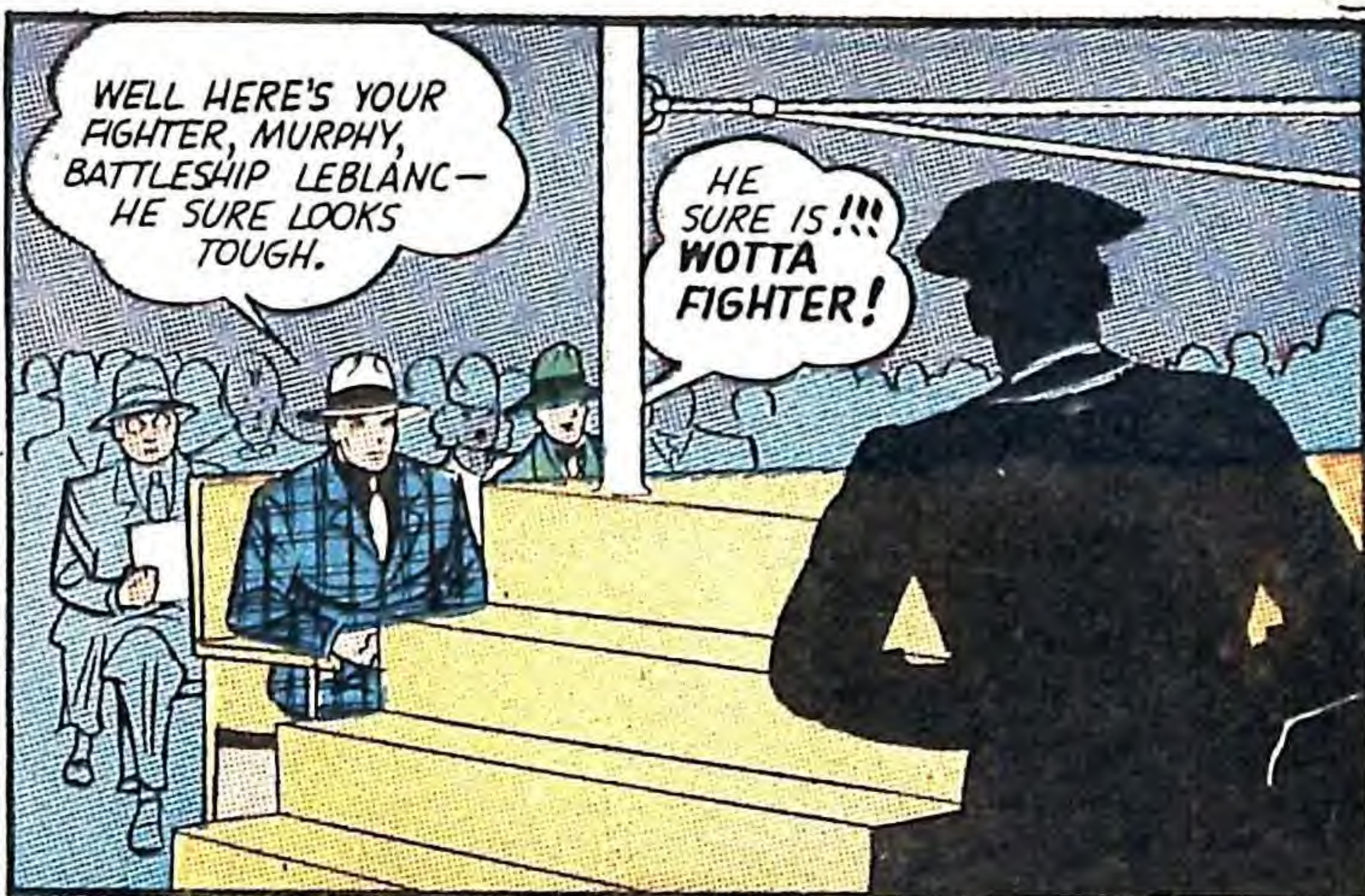
GOSH DAD!--IF I HADN'T GONE TO HOLLYWOOD -- PRESTO AND I MIGHT BE MARRIED NOW -- WONDER IF I MADE A MISTAKE?

HE'S A FINE BOY, TONI, I THINK THE WORLD OF PRESTO!



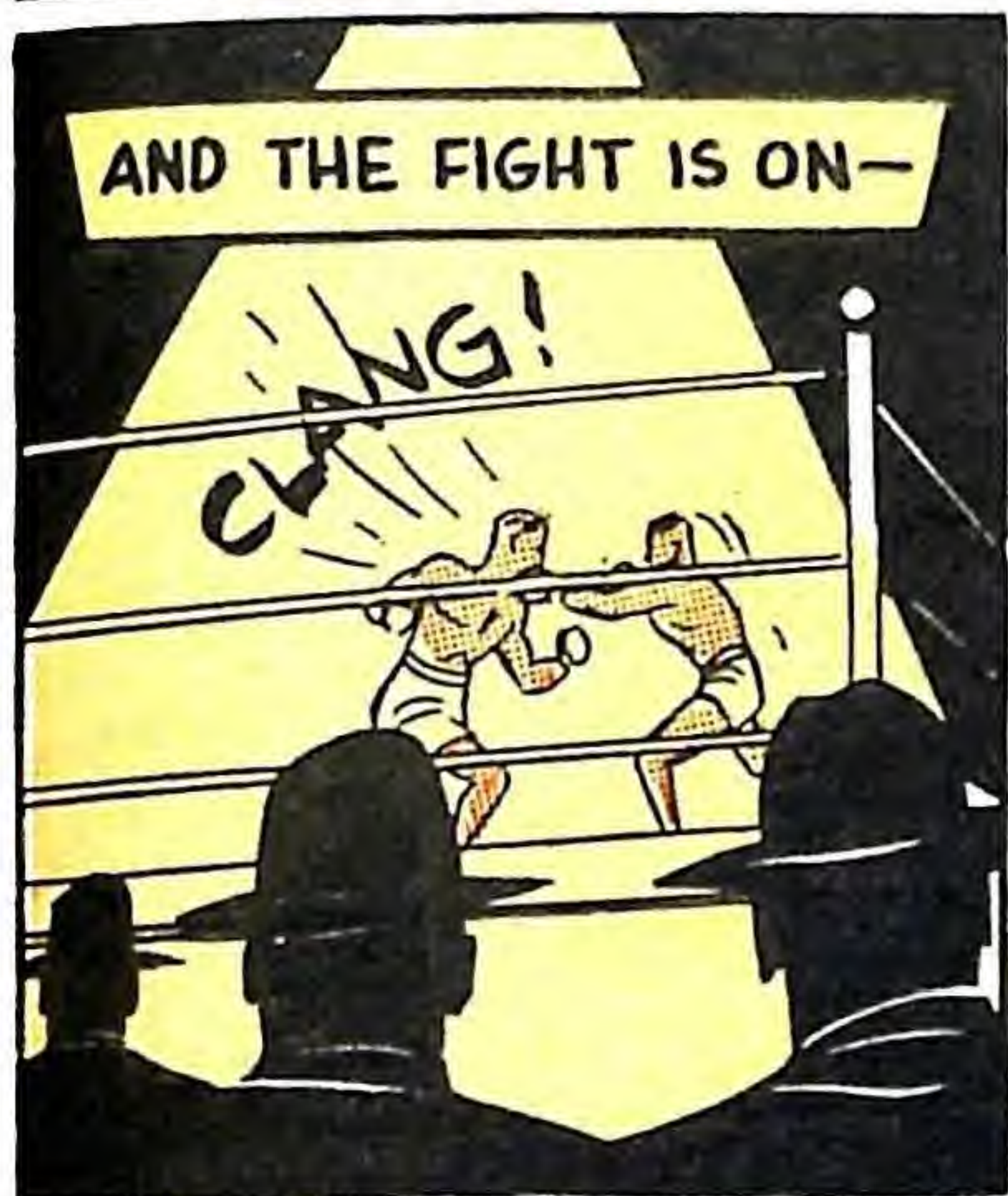
FRANKLY, MURPHY, I'D RATHER HAVE STAYED THERE THAN GO TO THE FIGHTS —

FORGET IT PRESTO—WE'LL HAVE FUN—AND YOU CAN ALWAYS SEE TONI ANOTHER TIME—



WELL HERE'S YOUR FIGHTER, MURPHY, BATTLESHIP LEBLANC—HE SURE LOOKS TOUGH.

HE SURE IS!!! WOTTA FIGHTER!



AND THE FIGHT IS ON—

CLANG!



BETWEEN ROUNDS

THERE IS AN URGENT PHONE CALL FOR PRESTO MARTIN—GO TO THE BOX—OFFICE AT ONCE!!



GREAT SCOTT, MURPHY—WONDER WHAT'S UP—WAIT FOR ME HERE---



THREE MINUTES ELAPSE---

C'MON—MURPHY—QUICK—TONI'S FATHER HAS BEEN MURDERED!



THAT'S ALL I KNOW, MURPHY — JUST SAID HE WAS MURDERED—AND THAT THEY WERE ENTERTAINING SOME GUESTS —

STRANGE—BUT MAYBE THIS TIES IN WITH THOSE AWFUL NIGHTMARES HE'S BEEN HAVING----



HOW HORRIBLE, PRESTO—WE WERE SITTING AROUND TELLING JOSES—ALL OF A SUDDEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT—AND THEN—POOR DAD MURDERED. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

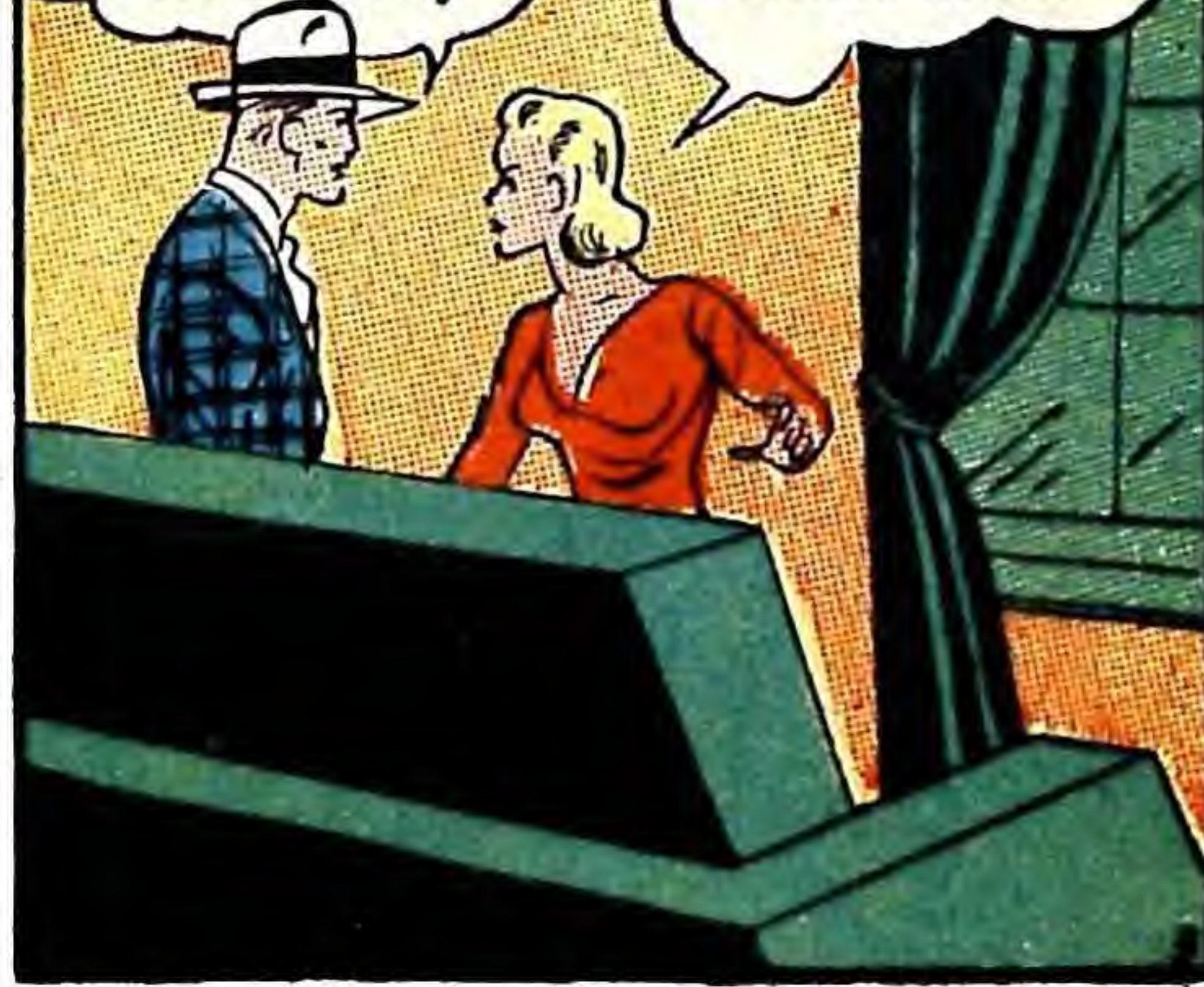
BUCK UP TONI—WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! TELL ME—WHAT ABOUT YOUR GUESTS?

THEY'RE ALL GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE. I'D HATE TO SUSPECT ANY ONE OF THEM—BUT YET—IT SEEMS.....



FIRST I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THE BODY, THEN MEET YOUR GUESTS. BY THE WAY—ARE THEY ALL HERE?

YES, NO ONE'S LEFT—THEY'RE ALL IN THE OTHER ROOM—





HMM—A SHOT WAS FIRED—YOU SAY—THAT'S FUNNY—THIS IS NO BULLET WOUND—LOOKS LIKE A KNIFE—BUT YET—



NO ONE IS TO LEAVE THIS ROOM—I WANT EVERYONE SEARCHED—
---TAKE A LOOK AROUND FOR CLUES, MURPHY—



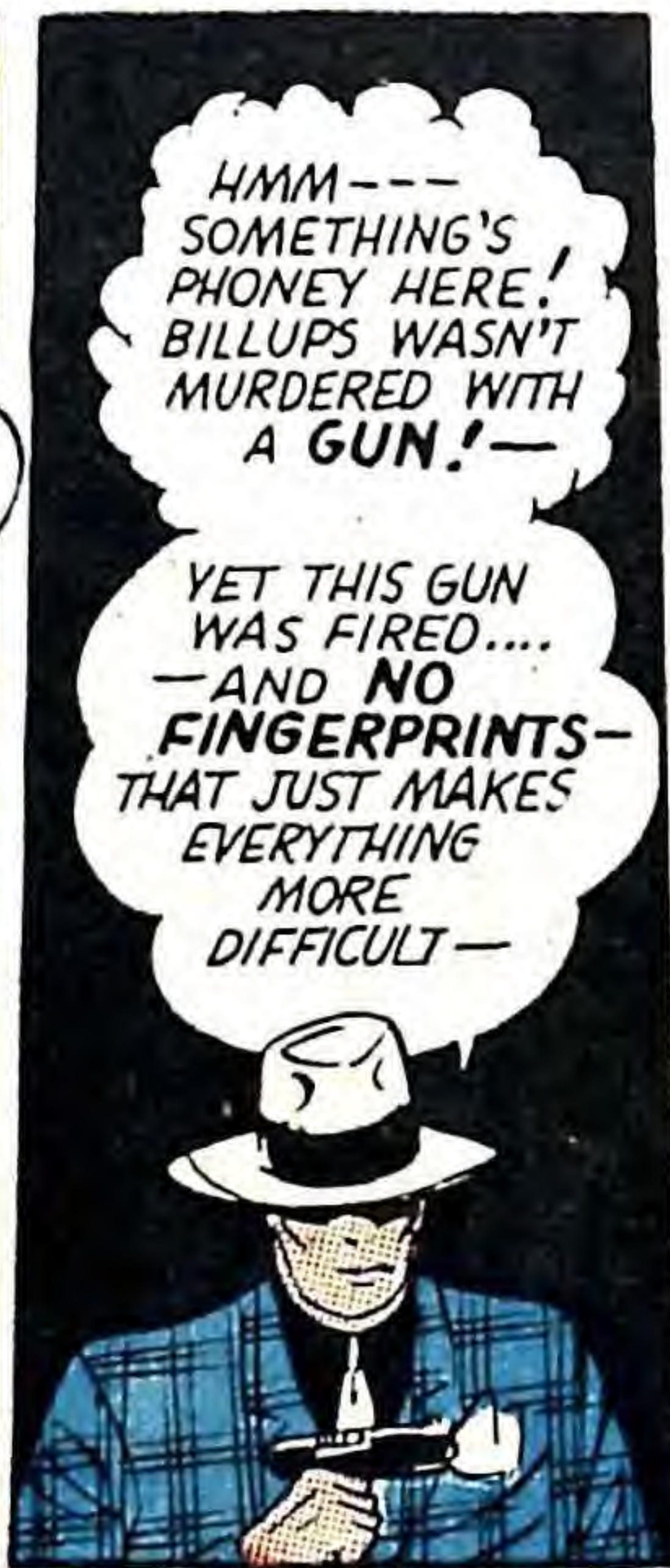
PRESTO SEARCHES THE GUESTS—

THIS IS THE LAST ONE AND NOT A SIGN OF A WEAPON ON ANYONE!



JUST THEN

PRESTO—I FOUND THIS **GUN** OUTSIDE—MUST HAVE BEEN TOSSED OUT THE WINDOW!



HMM--- SOMETHING'S PHONEY HERE! BILLUPS WASN'T MURDERED WITH A **GUN**!—

YET THIS GUN WAS FIRED.... —AND **NO FINGERPRINTS**—THAT JUST MAKES EVERYTHING MORE DIFFICULT—



THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE BODY—SEE THAT NO ONE LEAVES THE ROOM—MURPHY----

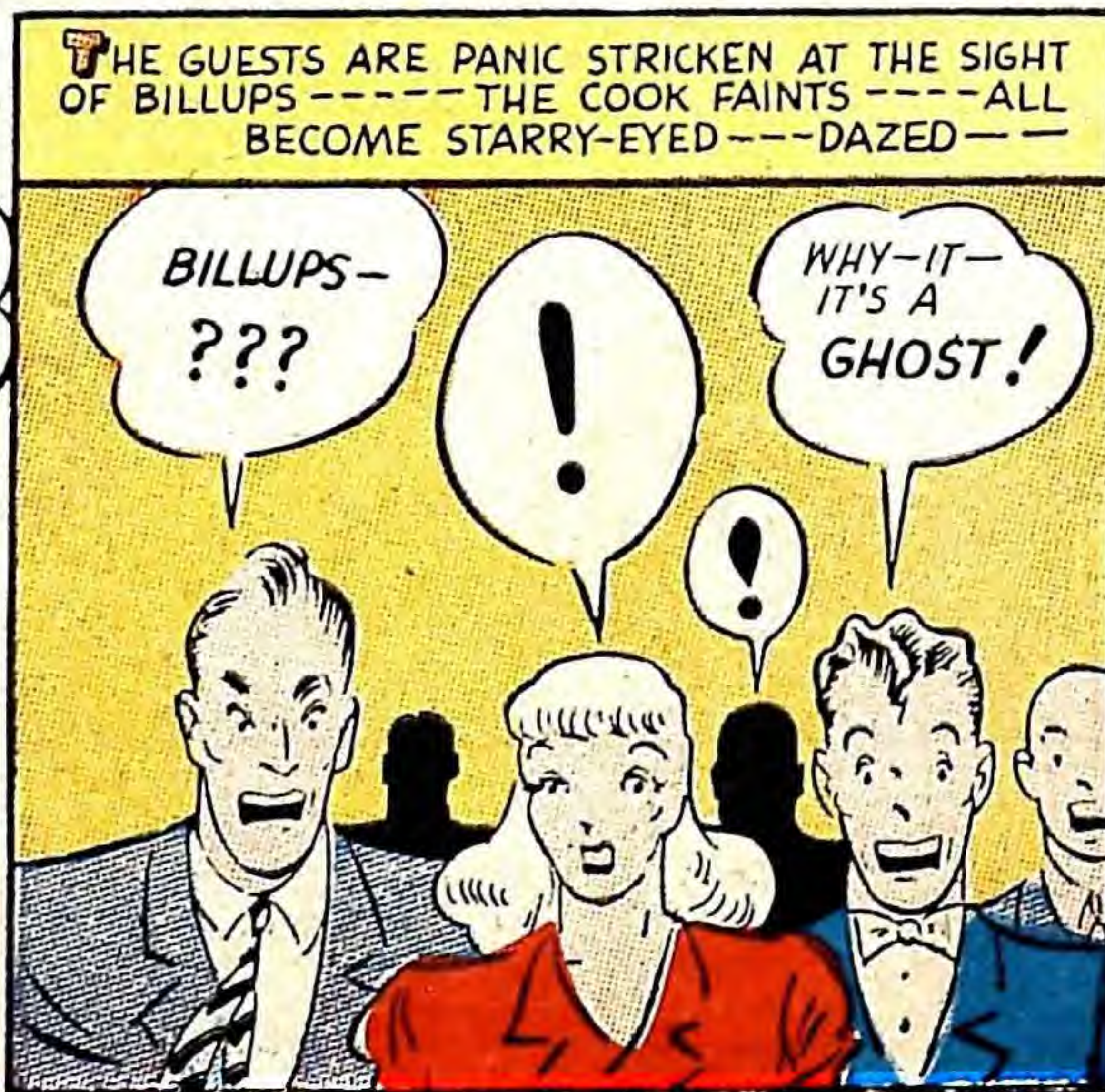
OKAY! PRESTO

?



MOMENTS LATER—

WHY—IT—IT—CAN'T BE—IT'S MR. BILLUPS



THE GUESTS ARE PANIC STRICKEN AT THE SIGHT OF BILLUPS-----THE COOK FAINTS-----ALL BECOME STARRY-EYED---DAZED---

BILLUPS—???

WHY—IT—IT'S A GHOST!



—ALL EXCEPT ONE—

UNKNOWN TO THE GUESTS, THE SUPPOSED MR. BILLUPS IS **PRESTO** IN DISGUISE. HE RACES MADLY FROM THE HOUSE AFTER THE FUGITIVE.

HEY—
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO **PRESTO**?

UNNOTICED BY THE REFUGEE, **PRESTO** LEAPS ATOP THE CAR AS IT SPEEDS OFF---

I THOUGHT THAT
WOULD DO THE TRICK—
-- SO **JACKSON** IS
THE GUILTY GUY!--

AS THE CAR ROARS ON, THE DRIVER REACHES OUT THE WINDOW, GUN IN HAND—
BUT---

SORRY— **JACKSON**—
YOU WON'T BE
NEEDING ANY
FIREARMS!

HUH?

THE SHOCKED ESCAPER
LOSES CONTROL OF
THE CAR---

MINUTES LATER—
PRESTO HIS DISGUISE
REMOVED, RETURNS—
TO THE AMAZEMENT
OF THE GUESTS---

HERE'S OUR MAN—
BUT THERE'S
SOMEONE ELSE
INVOLVED IN THIS.

WHAT
ABOUT THAT
COOK THAT
FAINTED?
BRING HIM
IN!

UNDER PRESSURE OF
PRESTO'S QUESTIONING,
THE COOK BREAKS
DOWN---

YES. I
DID IT—
-- **JACKSON**
WAS GOING
TO PAY
ME
FOR IT!

BUT WHAT
ABOUT
THE GUN
SHOT?
BILLUPS
WASN'T
KILLED BY
A BULLET—

THAT WAS
JUST A STUNT—
I DIDN'T KILL
BILLUPS WITH A
GUN OR A KNIFE—
I STABBED HIM—
WITH AN
ICICLE—

WE
FIGURED THAT
THIS WOULD
BE THE PERFECT
CRIME, THE
ONLY EVIDENCE
VANISHING WHEN
THE ICICLE
HAD MELTED!

AN
UNCANNY
SCHEME—
BUT WISER
MEN THAN
YOU HAVE
ATTEMPTED
THE PERFECT
CRIME—
CALL THE
STATION,
MURPHY!

THAT'S THE THANKS FATHER
GOT FOR BEING GOOD TO
A CROOK—IF HE HADN'T
COVERED FOR **JACKSON** WHEN
HE STOLE FROM THE
FIRM THIS NEVER WOULD
HAVE HAPPENED—

JACKSON REPAID
THE LOAN WITH
MURDER—BUT NOW
HE'LL HAVE TO PAY
FOR THAT WITH
HIS LIFE!

GOSH, **PRESTO**—
I FEEL A BIT
GUILTY—IF I
ONLY HADN'T
DRAGGED YOU
TO THE
FIGHTS--

AW SHUCKS,
MURPHY—
JACKSON WAS
AFTER **BILLUPS**
ANYWAY—HE
WOULD HAVE
GOTTEN HIM
SOONER OR
LATER—

IF IT'S
THRILLS AND SURPRISES
YOU WANT---
DON'T MISS **PRESTO**
IN NEXT MONTHS
SILVER STREAM

PRESTO BATTLES ON AS ALWAYS
IN HIS NEVER—CEASING FIGHT TO
WIPE OUT CRIME AS HE ATTEMPTS
TO SOLVE—

The Case of the
"BASEBALL MURDERS."

DAREDEVIL

AND NOW THE CURTAINS PART ON A TALE OF THE WORKINGS OF CORRUPT AND CRIMINAL MINDS... SCHEMING TO DESTROY THE ONWARD MARCH OF THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE... AND HOW DAREDEVIL DEFIES THEM... AND CRACKS OPEN

The AFFAIR OF THE
**SCARLET
SKULL**



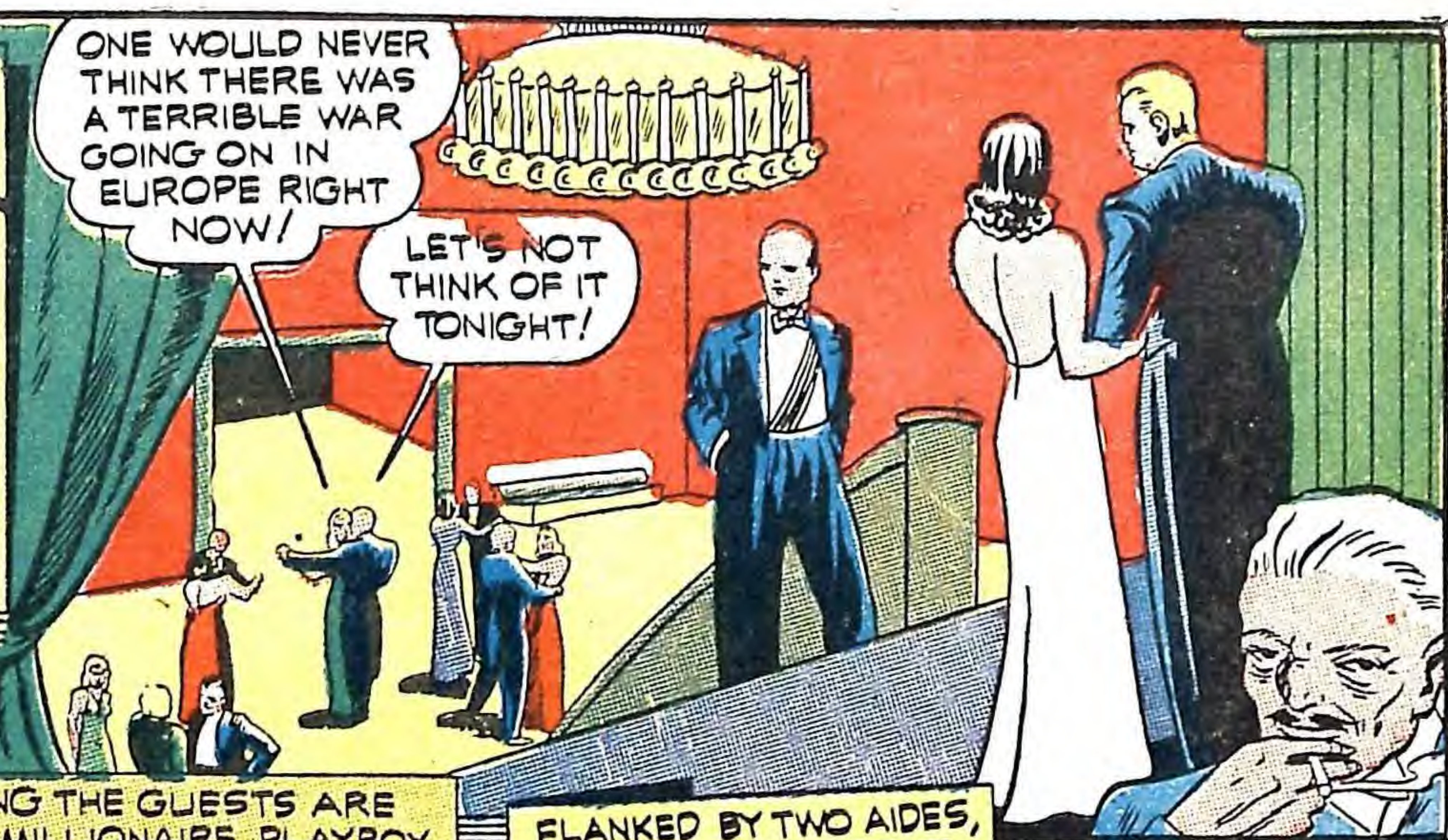
by DON
RICO...

COME WITH US TO A GAY BALL BEING HELD IN WASHINGTON... THE OCCASION BEING A NATIONAL HOLIDAY---

IN THE GRAND BALLROOM, ALL IS LIGHT AND GAY AS THE GUESTS SEEK TO FORGET FOR ONE NIGHT AT LEAST, THE CARES OF A VERY TROUBLED WORLD!

ONE WOULD NEVER THINK THERE WAS A TERRIBLE WAR GOING ON IN EUROPE RIGHT NOW!

LET'S NOT THINK OF IT TONIGHT!



and AMONG THE GUESTS ARE BART HILL...MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY, AND HIS FIANCEE...TONIA SAUNDERS!

QUITE A PARTY, EH? LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!

CUT THE PLAYBOY ACT AND GET A GANDER AT WHO JUST CAME IN THE DOOR!

FLANKED BY TWO AIDES, ERIC SINHART, AGENT OF AN INTERNATIONAL RING OF NAZI ADVENTURERS--ENTERS THE BALLROOM!

BOY! HE'S GOT NERVE COMING IN HERE--- LOOK...HE'S GOING OVER TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO THE PRESIDENT!



SUSPICIOUS OF SINHART'S PURPOSE...HILL DETERMINES TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD LOOK AT THE PRESIDENT?

HE'S LEAVING, TONIA! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM!

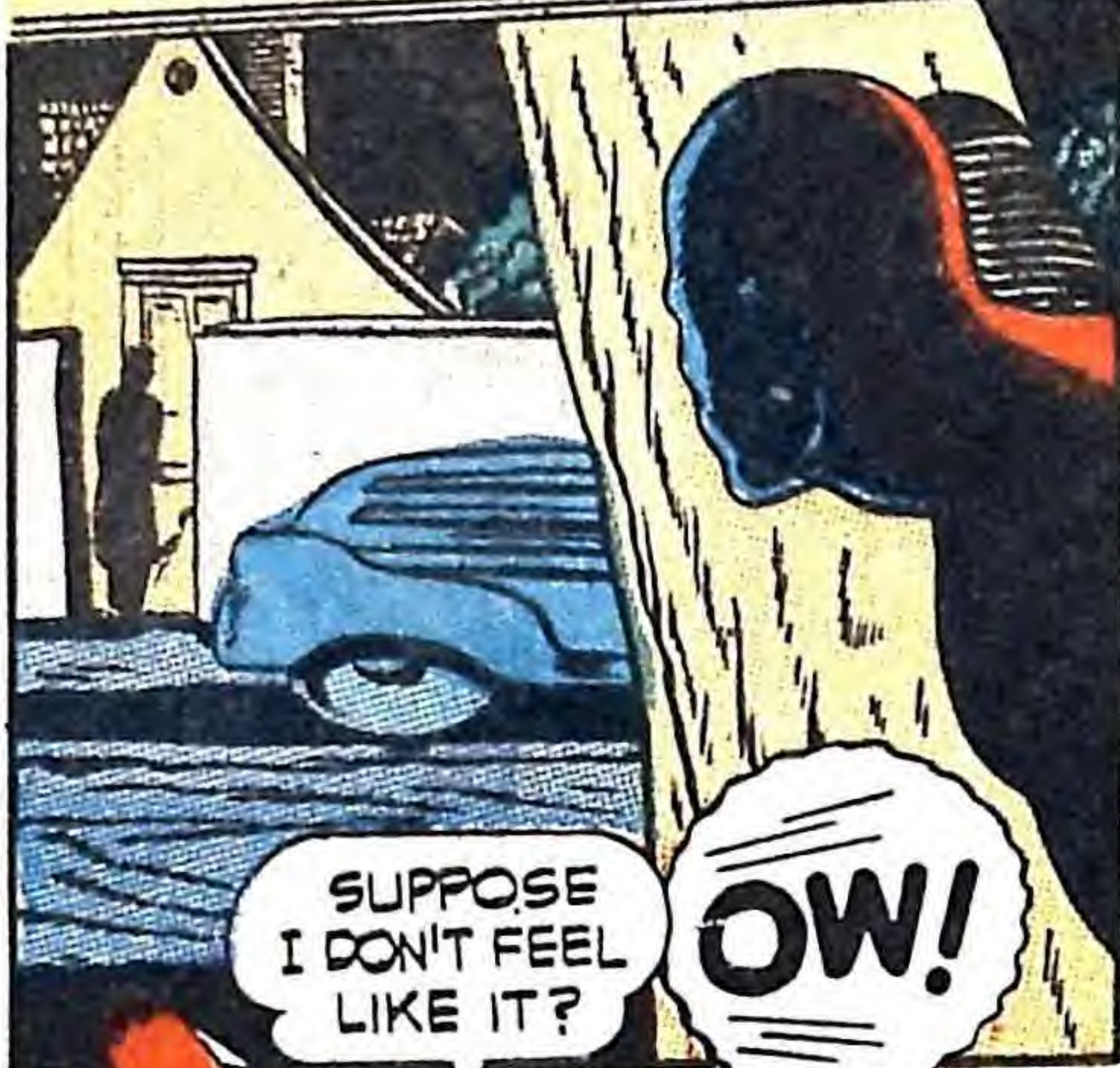
DO AS YOU THINK BEST, BUT BE CAREFUL!

SO, AS SINHART'S CAR SPEEDS AWAY...A RED AND BLUE COSTUMED FIGURE LEAPS ON THE REAR BUMPER-- DAREDEVIL!

WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



AS THE CAR COMES TO A STOP, DAREDEVIL LEAPS OFF... HIDES...



SUPPOSE I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT?

OW!

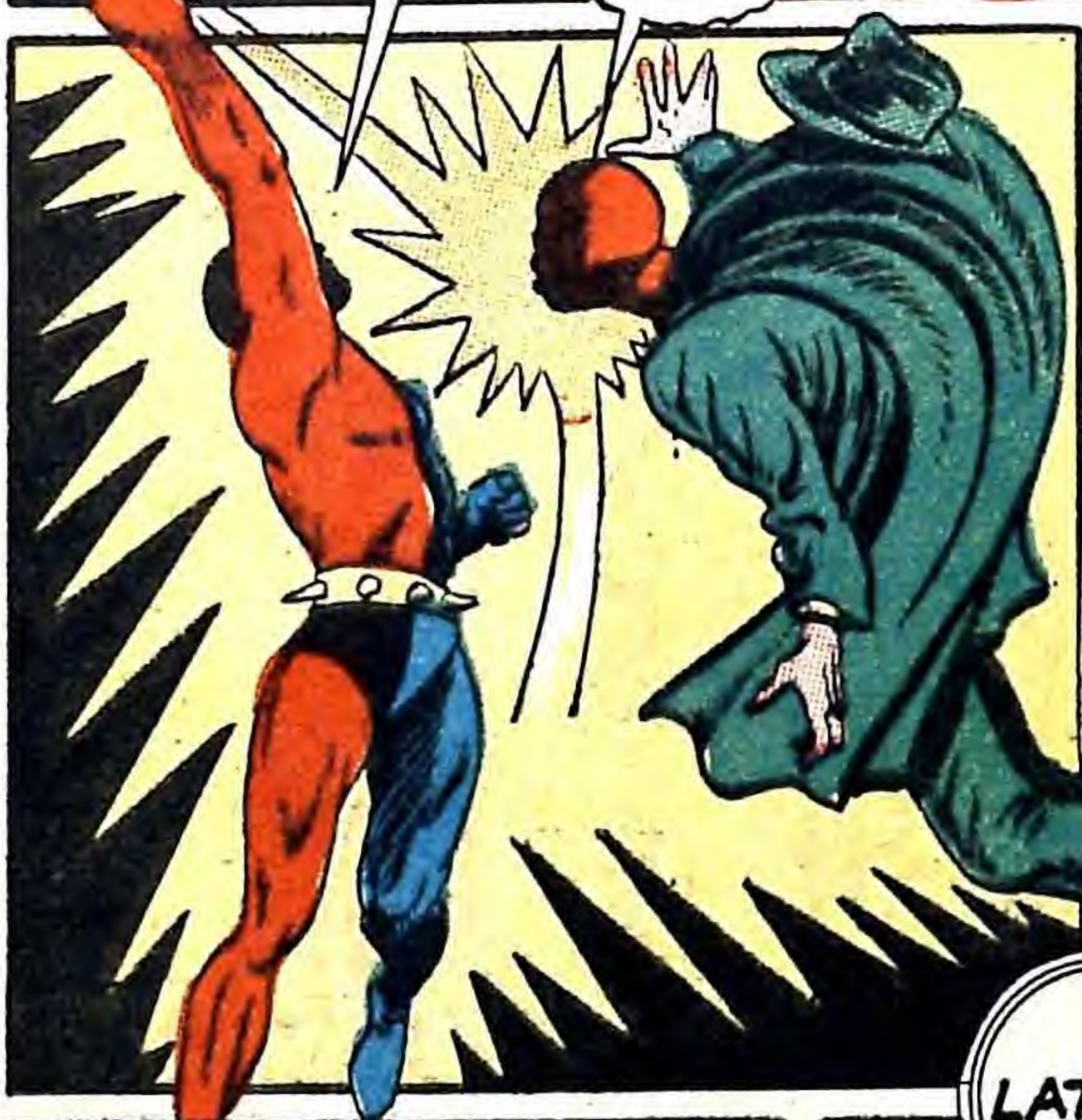
LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, MR. DAREDEVIL!

WHAT THE--?

YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT--THE SCARLET SKULL! INTO THE HOUSE-- MARCH!



SCARLET SKULL, EH? YELLOW... YOU MEAN!



LATER--

AW... DON'T TELL ME YOU PASSED OUT! I'LL JUST BORROW YOUR OUTFIT!



NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



AH-- THE SKULL! DID YOU DISPOSE OF THE INTRUDER?

WHA--? SINHART AND THE PRESIDENT!



OH... I TIED HIM UP AND
TOSSED HIM INTO THE
BASEMENT!

CRIPES... WHAT'S
COOKIN' HERE?

WELL... DO
I LOOK LIKE
THE PRESIDENT,
CHIEF?

PRETTY GOOD
JOB OF MAKE-
UP, EH?

SO THAT'S--
I MEAN--
YES...YES! YOU
DO...AND HOW!

WHEW! THAT
WAS A CLOSE
ONE! HAD ME
FOOLED FOR A
MINUTE!

I'LL OUTLINE THE SCHEME AGAIN SO
THERE WON'T BE ANY SLIP-UPS! YOU...
SKULL, ARE TO GET PAST THE GUARDS
INTO THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM AND
KIDNAP HIM! THEN CONDOR, HERE,
WILL TAKE HIS PLACE--**AS PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES**...AND PUT THE
WRENCH IN THE MACHIN-
ERY OF THE GOVERN-
MENT! CUTE, EH?

WELL--
LET'S
GO!

YEAH...LET'S
GET IT OVER
WITH!

ALL RIGHT,
GO AHEAD!
WAIT--
THERE'S
ONE
MORE
THING!

LET'S GO TO THE
BASEMENT AND
DISPOSE OF
DAREDEVIL!

GOOD
IDEA!

?

RIGHT BEHIND YOU,
GENTLEMEN!

I'D FEEL SAFER
KNOWING HE'S
DEAD!

WHERE IS
HE? I DON'T
SEE HIM!

HE'S
NOT
HERE!





DAREDEVIL!
YOU--WHERE'S
THE SKULL?

OUT IN THE GARDEN
RESTING WITH THE
LILIES...WHERE YOU
WILL BE IN FIVE
SECONDS FLAT!

PUT YOUR
HAND UP--
YOU FILTHY
RATS!

NO! NO!
DON'T!

HELP!



**SINHART MAKES A MAD DASH
FOR FREEDOM-- BUT...**

GOING
SOMEPLACE?

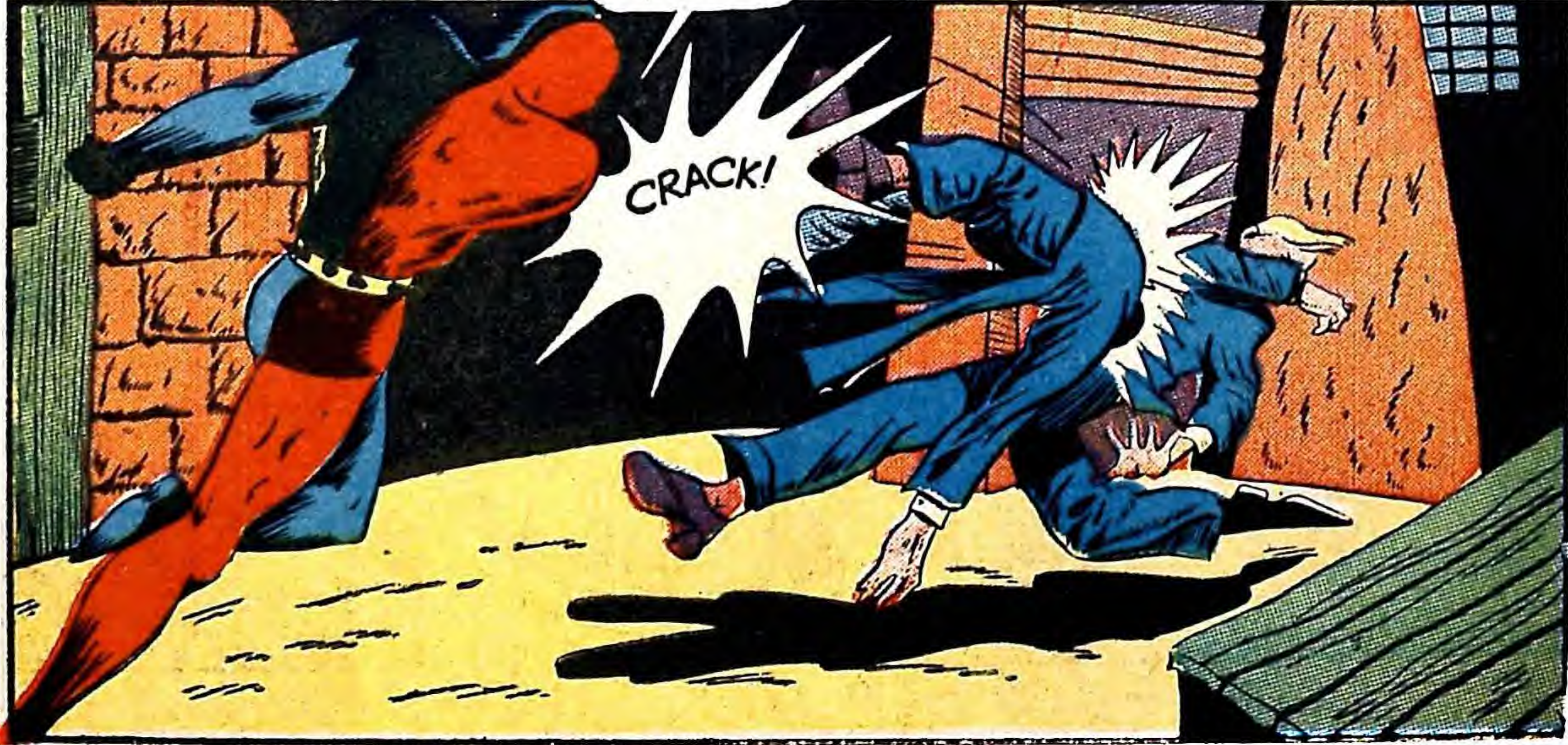
OW!

SET 'EM UP
IN THE OTHER
ALLEY!



COME UP HERE!
WHAT'S YOUR
HURRY!

I--I-- WASN'T
G--GOING
ANYPLACE!



CRACK!

HMMM! I MUST BE GETTING WEAK!
IT TOOK ME LONGER THAN FIVE
SECONDS TO KAYO THESE BLOKES!

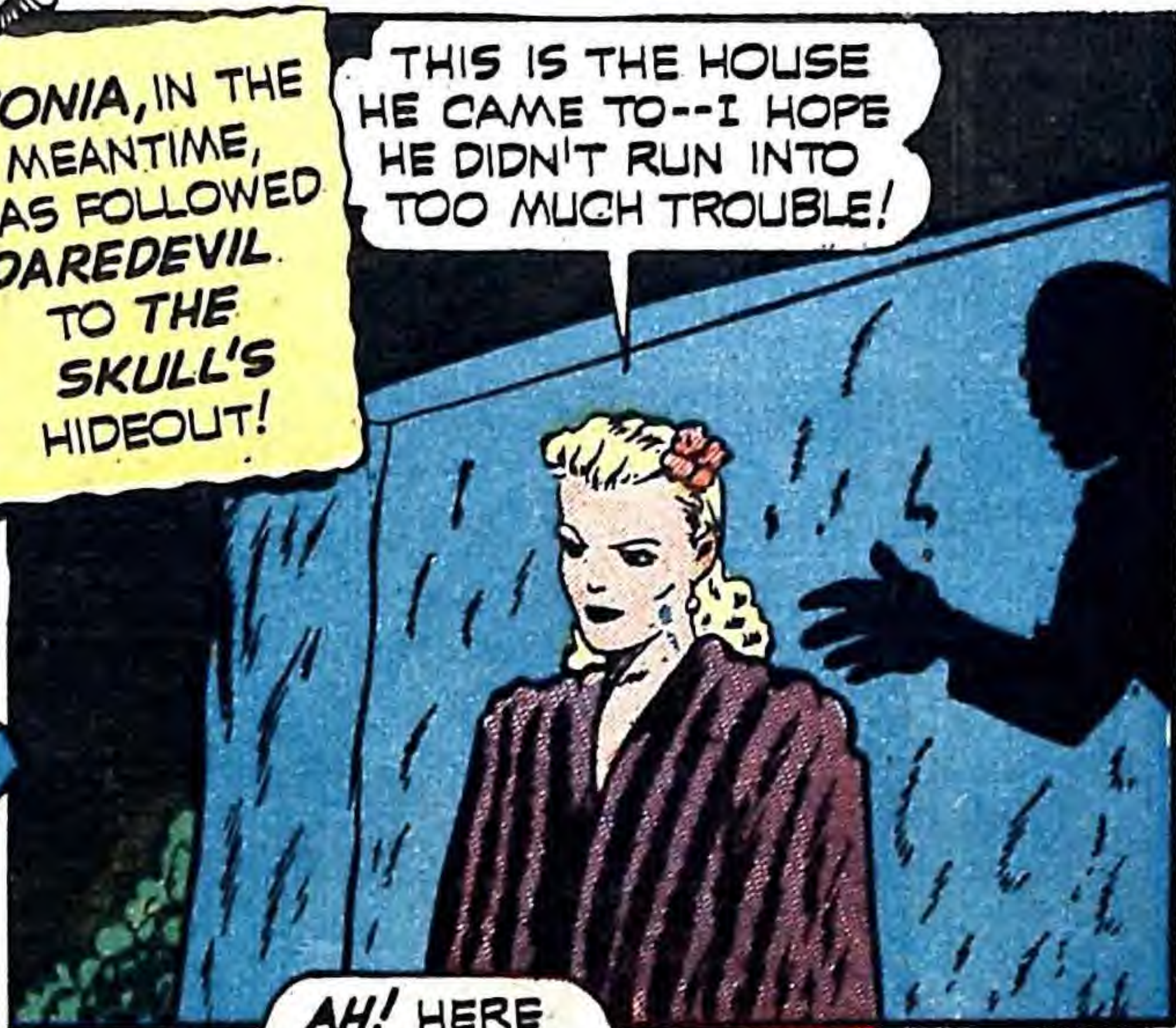


GUESS THAT'LL HOLD 'EM FOR A WHILE! I'D
BETTER CHECK UP ON MY SPARRING
PARTNERS OUT IN THE GARDEN!



TONIA, IN THE
MEANTIME,
HAS FOLLOWED
DAREDEVIL
TO THE
SKULL'S
HIDEOUT!

THIS IS THE HOUSE
HE CAME TO--I HOPE
HE DIDN'T RUN INTO
TOO MUCH TROUBLE!



STRONG HANDS STIFLE HER
SCREAMS--THE SKULL IS
CONSCIOUS!

HA-HA! I'LL FIX
DAREDEVIL...
THROUGH YOU!



AH! HERE
COMES THE
HERO!



BUT *THIS* TIME
I'M READY FOR
HIM!



As DAREDEVIL COMES TEARING PAST THE WALL--

--THE MADDENED FIEND DRAGS HIS TWO VICTIMS TO THE BASEMENT AND TIES TONIA TO A GREAT WHEEL!

AH! AND HERE'S MY SKULL GET-UP/ I FEEL MORE AT HOME IN THIS! MY OWN FACE IS TOO UGLY EVEN FOR ME!

OH!

GOTCHA!

BAM!

HA-HA! NOW I'VE GOT BOTH OF YOU!

AH...SO YOU'RE CONSCIOUS, ARE YOU? JUST IN TIME TO SEE ME CUT YOUR GIRL FRIEND TO RIBBONS!

YOU DOG! LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS! KILL ME INSTEAD!

ALL IN DUE TIME, MY FRIEND! FIRST I MUST HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING YOU SQUIRM IN SHEER ANGUISH!

BOY...WHAT I'D DO TO YOU IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

AH, YES! BUT YOU CANT, CAN YOU?

NO!

---BUT YOU FORGOT TO TIE MY FEET!

OW!

WHAM!

and NOW BEGINS A STRANGE, SILENT DRAMA...AS DAREDEVIL STRAINS MIGHTILY AT HIS BONDS... TO FREE HIMSELF BEFORE THE SKULL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!

SLOWLY... SLOWLY-- THE SKULL OPENS HIS EYES, AND FORCES HIMSELF UPWARD--

THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, EH? NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF FOR *KEEPS!*

GOODBYE, DAREDEVIL!

FREE!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

STILL STANDING, EH? I'LL FIX THAT!

UGH!

GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE MAN!

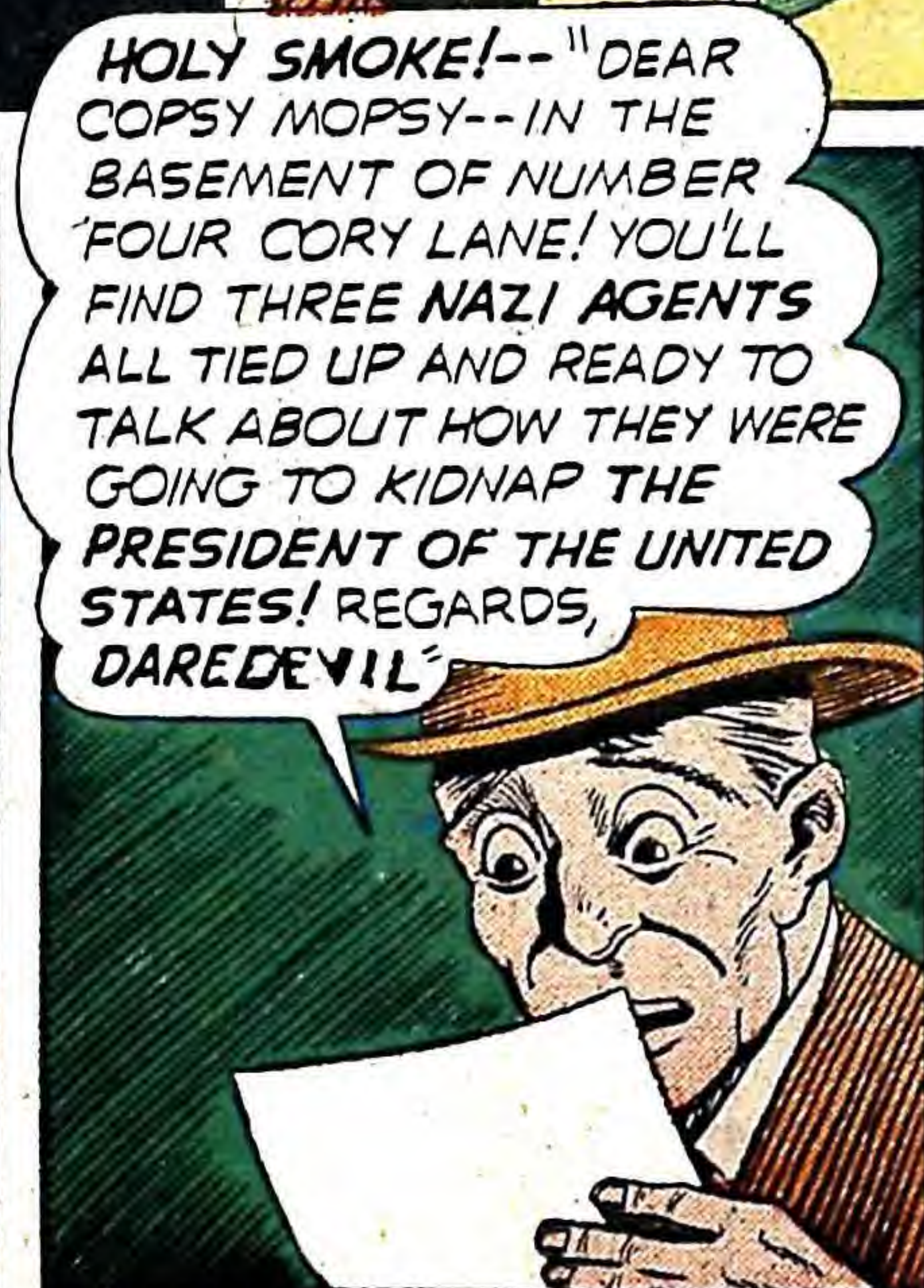
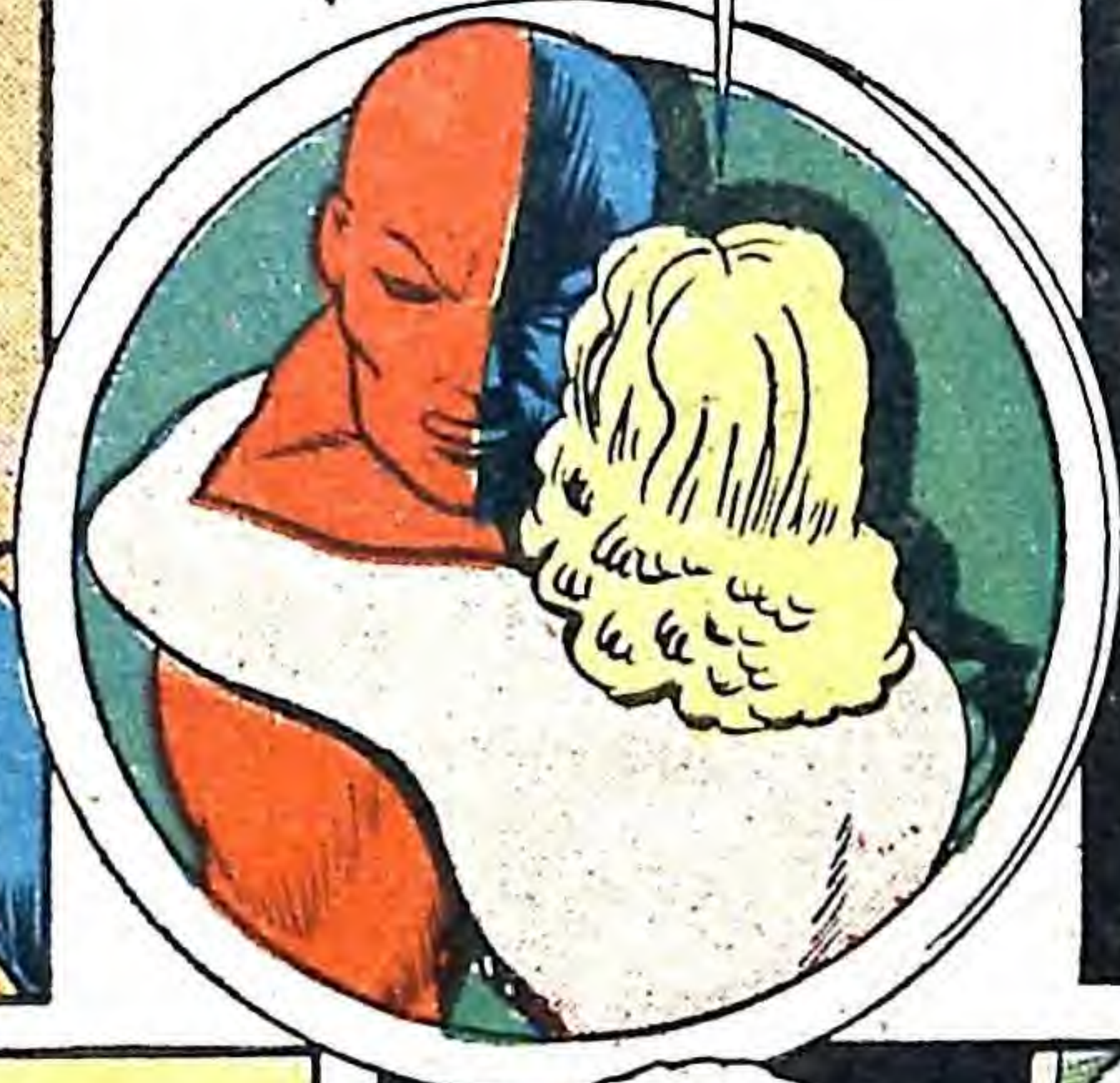
BOP!

SOK!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DARLING?

OH--BART! WHAT AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE!



HOLY SMOKE!-- "DEAR COPSY MOPSY--IN THE BASEMENT OF NUMBER FOUR CORY LANE! YOU'LL FIND THREE NAZI AGENTS ALL TIED UP AND READY TO TALK ABOUT HOW THEY WERE GOING TO KIDNAP THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES! REGARDS, DAREDEVIL"

RING DOWN THE CURTAIN THE PLAY IS OVER!

IF YOU THINK DAREDEVIL RAN INTO TROUBLE IN THIS STORY--
GET NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF
SILVER STREAK
and READ
"ENTER the PARSON!"

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COMICS



Before Capt. Battle could reach the scene, the Nazi submarine had sunk the freighter. But Cap and Hale zoom down to grapple with the sea raiders . . . see page 6.

BINDER

June 27, 1941

RELEASE AUGUST SILVER STREAK COMICS JULY 3rd.

Your shipment of August SILVER STREAK COMICS is now in transit.

Remember that August-September issues of COMICS generally enjoy a greater, increased sale because of school vacations. This increase helps to offset the summer seasonal decline affecting certain other publications.

SILVER STREAK COMICS is one of the older, better known and easy selling Comics. Please distribute every copy we send you and keep all copies on sale for the full 30 day sale period.

Remember that SILVER STREAK comes to you regularly every month, has an established release date and earns profit for you twelve times a year.

SILVER STREAK COMICS is a favorite with the children, and the demand will be greater for this August issue than for any other recent issue. Therefore, we have given you a slight increase to take care of the increased summer demand.

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Sincerely yours,

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John H. Rafferty
Circulation Manager